

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Eben Erskine; or, the Traveller.* By John Galt, Esq., author of the "Ayrshire Legatees," "Lawrie Todd," "Stanley Buxton," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. Lond. 1833. Bentley.

ON a story not unlike that of *Ellen Wareham*, with a different termination, Mr. Galt has interwoven an account of the life and travels of *Eben Erskine*—a well-chosen name for Scottish celebrity, if we remember the Ralph and Eben who took the lead in a secession from the kirk, and whom the poet apostrophises on the introduction of the gown by some of their successors:

"Now, what would Ralph and Eben say,  
Had they been living at this day,  
To see ye clad in sic array  
Wi' gown and band?"

The hero is born in a poor Scotch borough-town, and rises in the world by sheer talent and straight-forwardness. He stays a short while in Edinburgh, and next a season in London; and then he journeys, with a patron of singular character, to various foreign parts. Of these, notices are given, and stories are told, as if they had happened to the travellers. A domestic tale, affecting his friend Mr. Verdure, serves for the remaining thread; and what with marriage, intrigue, death, &c. &c. the page is filled with a somewhat connected interest.

But Mr. Galt's forte is in drawing characters, throwing off peculiar sketches, and uttering shrewd observations. Dry, odd in style, redolent of Scotticism and of words and phrases which seem to be Scotticisms, he diverts us by his manner, and strikes us by his acuteness. Of this we shall afford some examples; and leave the tour, though it embraces Gibraltar, Spain, Ceuta, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, Egypt, and Greece (and is, in truth, but a *refacimento* of the author's travels, not yet forgotten, though published a quarter of a century ago), to be perused in Vols. II. and III., while we make Vol. I. do all which our purpose requires.

"One trade is as good as another," (says his earliest friend to him when dissuading him from the medical profession in Edinburgh,) "if it lead to the same result." "Erskine, you speak like a philosopher, and I like you better than ever for being so plain; but take my word for it, a doctor of any kind, from a druggist to a physician, humbug apart, is but a vile profession. I have always thought that a surgeon, for example, had never half such a comfortable way of life as a butcher. The latter never meddles but with sound and wholesome flesh; a surgeon, God preserve us! with his sores and his salves, his wounds and his—Och! och! och! I would much rather be a butcher and keep a stall, with sheep's carcasses hanging by the hind heels, their headless throats dropping gore. No, no! Erskine, have nothing to do with surgery." As this was said in a very expressive manner, I could with difficulty maintain a becoming gravity; I, however, mustered self-possession enough to reply, that 'to be

sure, surgery was not a very agreeable pursuit, but the same objection did not lie against medicine, and that doctors were certainly received into the best society, and generally kept their carriages.' 'Foch! foch!' cried the colonel, 'vomits and purges, close-stools and chariots!' (for our author does not fail to use the indelicacy of phrase in his illustration.) "'Goodness, colonel! what then would you advise me to do? for, to say the truth, now that you have excited my associations, neither surgery nor medicine can be agreeable professions.' 'They are damnable!' said the colonel; 'I would rather be a scavenger than follow either, and go about with a cart and shovel. I would rather be a duck, and gobble in the gutter, than be tied for life to such an unsavoury calling.' 'But I have no fortune, colonel, and cannot go into trade, and my education hitherto has been with a view to some branch of the medical profession.' 'Pestles and gallipots!' cried the colonel; 'if you can make money in a gentlemanly style in any other way, what can it signify to you whether you are dubbed doctor, nightman, or any one of the other abominable degrees that the world calls honourable, to reconcile poor devils to follow them?'"

In London, when painting some of the characters he encounters, we have the following:—

"Our Sunday party, like the former, consisted of four guests—a painter, a player, a parliament man, and a poet. I have no idea what the major proposed to himself by this assemblage, but to me the very hopes of it were delightful. Of artists I had conceived, from the dictionary of painters and the rhetoric of critics, very lofty and mystical ideas of their genius; I almost fancied that it sat on their shoulders in the shape of a cherub of light as they stood before their easels. Players were interwoven with my finest associations, partly from the same cause, and partly from the inexperience of youth, rendering it difficult to separate them from the characters they performed. It is true that I had then no experience of the splendour and illusion of the metropolitan theatres, in which the superiority of talent greatly contributes to foster the illusion of the stage; but I had received my impression from as influential a cause. In Aucterclots we had an annual visit from a party of strollers, and sometimes among them were actors of ability. Of their exhibitions, owing to some toleration derived from hereditary circumstances, I was, from my earliest years, an almost nightly spectator, and it was in this plastic stage of life that I received those impressions which united the assumed with the natural character—impressions which have been weakened, no doubt, by time, but which neither time nor experience have yet entirely erased; for I still feel an indescribable respect when I meet with those in society whom I have seen in noble parts upon the stage,—always, however, with a sentiment of regret, as if I saw in them in private life the faded and impoverished remnants of persons who had fallen from pro-

sperty. Perhaps there is something not very sound or healthy in this feeling; I cannot help it, I can only state the fact. Orators at that period also stood on high pedestals in my imagination; I had not then been to either house of parliament, and the beau ideal which the newspapers suggested of them was not tarnished by actual knowledge. Our guest was known as a frequent speaker, distinguished for fluency and a felicitous elocution—often described as a rare and excellent gift. But the object of fascination was the poet. I was acquainted with many persons who wrote respectable verses, the most disreputable of all respectable accomplishments, and they did not stand prominent in my opinion; but a poet, a true poet, one of those *rara aves* that ages seldom produce, and one on whom the nation had conferred with acclamation that fame which is an assurance of immortality, was something indeed to contemplate. I had pictured him to myself as an individual possessed of almost a transparent form, with a shining and intellectual countenance, of a burning intenseness of phraseology, and whose very words, like those of the enchanted princess in the Fairy Tales, were as the pearls and diamonds that escaped from her lips spontaneously in her utterance. But it would only tire the courteous reader to describe even a moiety of the half of those oscillating reveries which kept my imagination in constant motion as the idea of one or other of the expected guests attracted attention. But, alas! how short-comings in reality are all the phantoms of hope! Sunday arrived. I spoke to Mrs. Thorough to be particular in her instructions to the cook. I proposed to the major that we should be more than usually solicitous about our wines. I was in a constant flutter, and I have no means of conveying to the reader a conception of the activity and anxiety that beset me from the moment I got up in the morning; which, by the by, was an hour earlier than usual, and long before the housemaid had set the parlour in order. I could observe, notwithstanding the fulness with which my mind was occupied, that the major was amused at my restless ecstasy; and once, for it was seldom he indulged in any such levity, he jocularly remarked, that I seemed resolved on having a holiday. At last the time when the guests were expected arrived; but a full half-hour before the time appointed I was seated in the drawing-room, with my eyes steadfastly fixed on the door with the drum of my ear distended to its utmost pitch in expectation of hearing the heralding of the knocker: it makes me smile still when I think of that important occasion. After I had sat on the thorns of expectation for a considerable time, the knocker still remaining silent, my impatience became really painful. I rose and walked across the room, which, I have already mentioned, looked into the park; I gazed thitherward, but I saw no object on which my eye could rest: human figures, horses, and carriages, I did behold moving to and fro, but

I could discriminate no individual. At last the major came into the room; and whether he did observe my anxiety, or amused himself with supposing it, he remarked, drily, 'That he should not be surprised if the painter, the player, and the poet, were to be late in coming; these kind of cattle,' said he, 'make themselves always excessively fashionable and important in coming to invitations.' 'Good God! cattle! horns and hoofs! associated with the most splendid intellects!' But I said nothing; I thought only to myself, that though genteel in his manners, and sensible in his observations, the major was not the kind of man to appreciate justly the qualities of such geni as were that day to honour us with their company. At last the peal rattled, the knocker gave note to all the house. I sat down; my heart beat at my ribs; the door opened, and Robert announced Mr. Gabby. It was the orator, who, in about the space of ten seconds after — they were hours in my computation — made his appearance: at the sight of which, I sank over head and ears, as it were, to an unfathomable depth in the coldest spring water. He was a little, dapper, mean, finical-formed man, with a large eyeball, on which very conspicuously stood a speck as big as a Gaffer Handy's blue sleeve-button. The other eye had also something the matter with it, but the fault was not so obvious, as he applied his glass to it as he came forward, and glanced inquisitively round the room. The major, who was as intimate with him as it is possible to be with any little gentleman who stands high in his own opinion, and distinguished by the plaudits of the world, went up to him, and received him very courteously. In doing this he was obliged to pass me, and I fancied that I could perceive a malicious smirk lurking in the corner of the major's eye; for I had been enlarging, in the course of the morning, on how much personal appearance contributed to the effect of oratory, and he had assented to all I said, evidently, as I now thought, to lead me into an erroneous conception of the grace and dignity of our guest. The plunge into disappointment which I had made was salutary; it cooled my expectations of the personal appearance of the other guests, who, to speak without disparagement, were, upon the whole, genteelish sort of personages. The player was, perhaps, a gentleman a little overdone, but he was well dressed. He, however, made his countenance, after a little time, too expressive; for he was an eminent comedian, and the grimaces, which looked well on the stage, were too strong when only the breadth of the table was between us. The painter was a thin and pale man: like all sedentary people, full of theoretical ideas, some of them very ingenious; but considering how much leisure, both for society and reading, artists possess in the evening, he was surprisingly lean in information, and I thought credulous even to weakness. My knowledge of the world at that time was not, however, such as to enable me to analyse his character; but of the four, I must say he had the least of a professional air about him; it was rather in the matter of his thoughts than any thing in his appearance, that he interested me. After dinner, he amused me by an incidental professional touch that betrayed his trade. The lights fell brilliantly on the wine in one of the decanters, and the radiance of the reflection mingled with the beams of a bright sparkling in the crystal in such a manner as to attract his attention. At this phenomenon his admiration was unbounded; he had never seen a ray half so

bright from the ruby, and he descanted at great length on the riches of colouring, and forms of art, which lay yet unappropriated in the great storehouse of Nature. I would fain speak of the poet in becoming language, but instead of being that brilliant diaphanous entity, that creature of the element which my fancy had formed, I beheld only a little man, who looked as if his upper lip had been besmeared with snuff; I believe, however, it was rather an appearance than reality. His eyes were gray and piercing, but their speculation glanced none of that intelligence which emanates from refined intellect. His whole appearance, without being mean, was of an odd cast; and I certainly should have been less surprised to have discovered him with a pair of new breeches under his arm than a manuscript quarto of odes, elegies, or epics."

The annexed are our promised examples of shrewd remarks:—

"A wise man in this world only thinks of the way of spending a few years in it with as much happiness as he can; and a young lad who thinks it possible that he can be happy by dosing honest people to death is no Solomon."

"It is a moral and physical fact, that the more microscopically Nature is examined, the more various and refined she appears; while art, submitted to the same test, is, on the contrary, found to be more common-place and similar."

"I am, as yet, only learning what the world is; when my knowledge is completed, I shall then be happy." Vain thought, begotten by credulity on the inexperience of youth!"

*Of bad Puns.*—"The excellence of that species of wit consists in its badness, as medlars are best in proportion to their rottenness."

We regret to see Mr. Galt allude to his ill health in the preface: sincerely do we wish it were

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

*The Bridgewater Treatises, &c. Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology.* By the Rev. William Whewell, M.A. Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 381. London, 1833. Pickering.

THE present is the first of the treatises published in obedience to the will of the late Earl of Bridgewater, who bequeathed the sum of eight thousand pounds as a premium for the production of a work or works "on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation," &c. It may possibly admit of question, whether, in the present instance, the principle of division of labour, adopted by Mr. Davies Gilbert and the right reverend coadjutors in their apportioning the task among eight gentlemen, eminent as they are, instead of imposing it upon one alone, will be found to have the success anticipated. Tending all to the same point, although by different routes, it is scarcely possible for the authors to avoid repetitions and prolixity, or in their illustrations to confine themselves strictly within their allotted province. Moreover, we think it would have been preferable to have produced a work in a reasonably small number of volumes, than thus to dilute the subject through eight bulky tomes. The theme proposed is the noblest and most exalted to which human intellect can be applied, why then so much pains to make it tedious? Why have eight different portals to the temple of nature, where one would have sufficed? Why disgust the reader by difficulty of selection, instead of inviting him by simplicity of arrange-

ment and condensation of argument? In so extended a work, prolixity of detail becomes tiresome, and familiarity of illustration is liable to degenerate into flippant silliness.

We have been tempted to make these few remarks on the plan of the treatises, without any reference to the individual essays. The fairest materials may be spoiled by unsymmetrical arrangement. Such is the present case. One writer must necessarily trespass on the province of another. Thus Dr. Prout, in treating of the function of digestion, cannot help invading the territory of Dr. Roget, whose subject is animal and vegetable physiology, unless, indeed, the devisers of the scheme are of opinion that that function is unconnected with animal physiology. The plan, indeed, is faulty in the extreme; it could not well be worse: we shall therefore dismiss it, and turn to the treatise before us.

The known talents and high reputation of the author gave an earnest of excellence, and nobly has Mr. Whewell redeemed the pledge. The arrangement of his subject is as lucid as the general scheme to which we have alluded is confused. His style is clear and nervous, his illustrations apt, and his arguments conclusive.

The following are extracts: the author is shewing the evidence of design from the stability of the solar system:—

"If a man does not deny that any possible peculiarity in the disposition of the planets with regard to the sun could afford evidence of a controlling and ordering purpose, it seems difficult to imagine how he could look for evidence stronger than that which there actually is. Of all the innumerable possible cases of systems, governed by the existing laws of force and motion, that one is selected which alone produces such a steadfast periodicity, such a constant average of circumstances, as are, so far as we can conceive, necessary conditions for the existence of organic and sentient life. And this selection is so far from being an obvious or easily discovered means to this end, that the most profound and attentive consideration of the properties of space and number, with all the appliances and aids we can obtain, are barely sufficient to enable us to see that the end is thus secured, and that it can be secured in no other way. Surely the obvious impression which arises from this view of the subject is, that the solar system, with its adjustments, is the work of an intelligence, who perceives, as self-evident, those truths, to which we attain painfully and slowly, and after all imperfectly; who has employed in every part of creation refined contrivances, which we can only with effort understand; and who, in innumerable instances, exhibits to us what we should look upon as remarkable difficulties remarkably overcome, if it were not that, through the perfection of the provision, the trace of the difficulty is almost obliterated."

The next is a very happy illustration of the magnitude of the scale on which the universe is constructed:—

"If we suppose the earth to be represented by a globe a foot in diameter, the distance of the sun from the earth will be about two miles; the diameter of the sun, on the same supposition, will be something above one hundred feet, and consequently his bulk such as might be made up of two hemispheres, each about the size of the dome of St. Paul's. The moon will be thirty feet from us, and her diameter three inches, about that of a cricket-ball. Thus the sun would much more than occupy all the space within the moon's orbit.

On the same miles from see then the would be bably, if a star would than the restrial gl about 1-80 only just therefore largest an vering of coverable like the b this earth dimension lions of ti we must sun and c to pass of removed haps of surface. which w compared tects. V thousand complexi fore, that in our u breadth, we tend a true adaptati extent c We g style of "Th ducing the com pelled to knowle istence he yet facts th malous and w include He kn partial at pre this s must princ cause includ truth ciples ultim sees. some by w make not ledge whic ther at a Ing its prop to c

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On the same scale, Jupiter would be above ten miles from the sun, and Uranus forty. We see then how thinly scattered through space are the heavenly bodies. The fixed stars would be at an unknown distance, but, probably, if all distances were thus diminished, no star would be nearer to such a one-foot earth, than the moon now is to us. On such a terrestrial globe the highest mountains would be about 1-80th of an inch high, and consequently only just distinguishable. We may imagine therefore how imperceptible would be the largest animals. The whole organised covering of such a globe would be quite undiscernible by the eye, except perhaps by colour, like the bloom on a plum. In order to restore this earth and its inhabitants to their true dimensions, we must magnify them forty millions of times; and to preserve the proportions we must increase equally the distances of the sun and of the stars from us. They seem thus to pass off into infinity; yet each of them thus removed has its system of mechanical and perhaps of organic processes going on upon its surface. But the arrangements of organic life which we can see with the naked eye are few, compared with those which the microscope detects. We know that we may magnify objects thousands of times, and still discover fresh complexities of structure; if we suppose, therefore, that we increase every particle of matter in our universe in such a proportion, in length, breadth, and thickness, we may conceive that we tend thus to bring before our apprehension a true estimate of the quantity of organised adaptations which are ready to testify the extent of the Creator's power."

We give another as a fair specimen of the style of reasoning adopted by Mr. Whewell:—"The person whose mind is employed in reducing to law and order and intelligible cause the complex facts of the material world, is compelled to look beyond the present state of his knowledge, and to turn his thoughts to the existence of principles higher than those which he yet possesses. He has seen occasions when facts that at first seemed incoherent and anomalous were reduced to rule and connexion; and when limited rules were discovered to be included in some rule of superior generality. He knows that all facts and appearances, all partial laws, however confused and casual they at present seem, must still, in reality, have this same kind of bearing and dependence—must be bound together by some undiscovered principle of order—must proceed from some cause working by most steady rules—must be included in some wide and fruitful general truth. He cannot therefore consider any principles which he has already obtained as the ultimate and sufficient reason of that which he sees. There must be some higher principle, some ulterior reason. The effort and struggle by which he endeavours to extend his view, makes him feel that there is a region of truth not included in his present physical knowledge; the very imperfection of the light in which he works his way suggests to him that there must be a source of clearer illumination at a distance from him."

In conclusion, we have no hesitation in saying that the present is one of the best works of its kind, and admirably adapted to the end proposed: as such, we cordially recommend it to our readers.

*Rush's Residence in England.*  
[Second notice.]

FROM MR. RUSH'S interesting work we this week copy only a few short passages, in order

to keep alive this review; reserving larger extracts, and some further remarks, for our next *Gazette*.

Anecdotes and notices of distinguished persons whom the ambassador met:—

*Sir James Macintosh*.—"Holland House, where we dined, four miles from London, is a venerable building. Among other associations that go with it, is the name of Addison. He lived here, after his marriage to the Countess of Warwick. After dinner, we went into the room that had been his library; it is now Lord Holland's. It is very long. Addison was not happy in his marriage; and the jocose tradition is, that he kept his bottle at each end of the room, so that in his walks backwards and forwards he might take a glass at each! It was in this room he wrote his despatches when secretary of state. The *Spectator* being mentioned, Sir James said that it had lost its value as a book of instruction, but as a standard of style would always last. I listened with interest to these and other remarks from him. His speeches and writings, read on the banks of the Delaware as those of the Thames, had taught me to regard his mind as kindred to Burke's;—the same elementary power; the same application of the philosophy of politics and jurisprudence to practical occurrences; the same use of history, never heavily but always happily brought in; the same aptitude for embellishment, not so gorgeous, but always chaste; the same universal wisdom."

*Lord Erskine*.—"He must have been seventy, or near it; but, as Sir Francis Burdett said, he illustrated the fable of youth peeping through the mask of age. It was a treat to see so much genius with so much playfulness—such a social flow from one whose powerful eloquence had been felt by the English nation, and helped to change, on some fundamental points, the English law. He sauntered about with me, and looked at the paintings. There was a full-length likeness of George II., another of George III., and one of Mary of Scots—a 'royal jade,' he feared, 'but very pretty.'"

*Queen Charlotte* (at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth).—"The conduct of the Queen was remarkable. This venerable personage, the head of a large family, her children then clustering about her—the female head of a great empire, in the seventy-sixth year of her age, went the rounds of the company, speaking to all. There was a kindness in her manner, from which time had struck away useless forms. No one did she omit. Around her neck hung a miniature portrait of the King. He was absent, scathed by the hand of heaven;—a marriage going on in one of his palaces—he the lonely, suffering tenant of another. But the portrait was a token superior to a crown! It bespoke the natural glory of wife and mother, eclipsing the artificial glory of queen. For more than fifty years this royal pair had lived together in affection. The scene would have been one of interest any where. May it not be noticed on a throne?"

*Mr. Wilberforce* (and the income tax).—"The income-tax being mentioned, he remarked, that having borne it once, they could bear it again; it yielded fifteen millions a-year, which would be good for a new loan of three hundred millions."

*Mr. Canning*.—"The grounds about his house were not extensive, but shut in by trees. All was seclusion the moment the gates closed; a common beauty in villas near London. \* \* \* His quick eye was all round the table; his aim to draw out others. Occasionally, he had touches

of pleasantry. He asked for Mr. Pinkney of Maryland. 'I once,' said he, 'had a skirmish with him about language, but he worsted me; I said there was no such word as *influential*, except in America, but he convinced me that it was originally carried over from England.' Lord Stafford remarked, that it was so good a one, they ought to bring it back. 'Yes,' said Mr. Canning, 'it is a very good word, and I know no reason why it should have remained in America, but that we lost the thing.' A library was attached to the suite of rooms. When we came from dinner, some of the company found pastime in turning over the leaves of caricatures, bound in large volumes. They went back to the French revolutionary period. Kings, princes, cabinet ministers, members of parliament, every body, figured in them. It was a kind of history of England in caricature for five-and-twenty years. Need I add, that our accomplished host was on many a page? He stood by. Now and then he threw in a word giving new point to the scenes. It is among the contradictions of the English, that, shy and sensitive as the higher classes in many respects are, perhaps beyond any other people, they are utterly indifferent to these kind of attacks. Their public men also exclude politics from private life. You see persons of opposite parties mingling together."

*Burke* (as described by Erskine).—"He came to see me not long before he died. I then lived on Hampstead-hill. 'Come, Erskine,' said he, holding out his hand, 'let us forget all; I shall soon quit this stage, and wish to die in peace with every body, especially you.' I reciprocated the sentiment, and we took a turn round the grounds. Suddenly he stopped. An extensive prospect broke upon him. He stood, rapt in thought. Gazing on the sky, as the sun was setting, 'Ah! Erskine,' he said, pointing towards it, 'you cannot spoil that because you cannot reach it; it would otherwise go; yes, the firmament itself—you and your reformers would tear it all down.' I was pleased with his friendly familiarity, and we went into the house, where kind feelings between us were further improved. A short time afterwards he wrote that attack upon the Duke of Devonshire, Fox, and myself, which flew all over England, and perhaps the United States."

These personal traits have interested us much among matter of other kinds; and we feel convinced that they will be generally read with much gratification.

*Waltburg*. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1833.

Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

AN historical fiction of much novelty and interest. We have often wondered that a period so singularly replete with every species of mental struggle and wild adventure as that of the Reformation should have yet attracted but little the attention of our writers. The present is a very successful attempt to engraft the domestic attraction belonging to individual history on the general annals of the time. The scenes are laid in Bohemia and Italy, and trace a picture, at once animated and probable, of the dissensions, animosities, and dangers, of the beginning of the Reformation. The following scene is a fair specimen of the style, though labouring under the usual disadvantage of being detached from a well-connected part. We must observe, that the Cardinal having fallen into the hands of some most violent sectarians, they condemn him, urged on by a private enemy, to be burned alive; and that one reason of their animosity is his influence over the Baron



Cyril, whose name would be a great prop to their own cause.

"Ritstein was advancing to light the faggots, when Cyril called out in a loud voice—"Will my recantation suffice? I will subscribe to all you demand, so you spare the Cardinal, or let me die for him. If that will not satisfy your thirst for blood, demons that ye are, let me be called your convert—let me sign the paper—but I will not trust ye,—first swear you will spare St. Elma." At this speech of Cyril's, Muncer held Ritstein's arm, as if to consider whether or not to comply with the young man's request. But the blood rushed to the face of St. Elma; he struggled as if to raise himself, when, feeling his bonds, he in a loud voice, which, coming from one who was considered half dead, was awfully impressive, said, "Can I hear, or do I dream those hideous words? Cyril, baron of Waltzburg, have we not been friends—brothers—have I not loved you as a son? What have I done, that you should join my enemies; that you should implant the sting of death? Think me not a bigot; if conviction prompted you, I would say, Cyril, act according to your conscience: between your Maker and yourself must the account be settled; but to save my life by giving me a living death—to embitter every passing moment with the thought, that for me you had renounced your creed, your faith—for me, whose days, even were this fate removed, are most probably numbered—Cyril, my friend, my brother, recall your words; on such conditions life would lose all value." "Heaven would pardon the act, that gave the blessing of your life to benefit mankind," said Cyril earnestly, but mournfully. "And your life—is that to be degraded, lost? You will be regarded not by those you forsake, nor valued by those you join. Cyril, I will not accept life on such terms—spare me, or I shall not live to meet this ordeal." The Cardinal's words were so energetic, the agony on his countenance was so extreme, as he fell back exhausted with the violence of his emotion, that Cyril could no longer resist the appeal. "It shall be as you wish; I will die in the name, as I should in the faith I ever professed. Muncer, I recall my words." "Praised be Heaven! Cyril, one embrace—you have restored my happiness. Now, Muncer, I am ready; while I triumph, let me depart."

The frightful proceeding is interrupted by the approach of a female, whom Ritstein thus addresses:

"Hollo, woman! what do you want here?" "I have brought the wine you sent for," answered Katrine. "I sent for no wine." "Did you not? They told me you wanted some for the captive, for fear he should faint, and perhaps die before the pile would be well lighted." "I never requested it; but it is a good thought, nevertheless, though I did not expect you would have had wit enough to think of it. It would have been more in your foolish way to have whined about putting him out of his misery—as you have brought it, give it him." The presence of Katrine was equally surprising to Cyril; it was impossible for a woman, with the feeling she had displayed, to act as her words implied; it was not possible that she could wish to prolong torture—there must be some motive for her interference; and trembling with the scarcely formed hope of there being a chance of rescue, he offered to take the cup, that he might give it to the Cardinal. As Katrine placed it in his hand, she whispered, "Luther is near; a few moments delay, and he may yet be saved." The thrill of joy that rushed over the frame of Cyril almost disabled

him from holding the cup; with trembling hand he raised it to his lip, and then throwing it on the ground, exclaimed—"You want to kill him at once, woman! This wine would be his immediate death; give him one cup the same as that we had last night; if any thing will revive him, that will. See how faint he is—will you not grant him one last cup?" "No," said Ritstein, "this is some device, send him to — at once." But many voices around cried shame on Ritstein, and Katrine was ordered to fetch the wine. She was leaving the court, when Ritstein called out, "Let some one else go, and keep her here—on my life this is some scheme." A few moments passed, which to Cyril appeared hours. The man was seen at the entrance of the court with the cup of wine; at that instant a loud knocking was heard at the outer gate—a piercing scream from Katrine almost electrified the assembled persons. They stood appalled, and awaited the orders of Muncer, who exclaimed, "What the devil is that noise?" Again the knocking was repeated, with loud calls for admission; again the woman, with a cry almost supernatural, shrieked "Help, Luther, help!" "Silence that devil's voice! By all the fiends, I will not be baffled," cried Ritstein; and catching up the burning brand, he set fire to the faggots; fortunately, his own diabolical savageness defeated his intention: there had been few combustibles placed round the pile. Faggots and logs of wood were there in plenty, it being the design of Ritstein to roast, rather than burn his victim. He had anticipated the horrible delight of witnessing the slow approach of death, and of protracting, by every means, the torture which was to end the life of St. Elma. With dreadful oaths he succeeded in kindling a blaze, but the wind blew the flame from the Cardinal, who, pale and resigned, with closed eyes and absorbed in prayer, awaited his fate. When Katrine uttered the name of Luther, Cyril was rushing towards the entrance, but, by the order of Muncer, he was held back by some of the attendants; a crash was heard as if the doors were giving way—Ritstein, mad with the bare possibility of his design being frustrated, exclaimed, "If he is not to die by fire, he shall not live again to triumph over Ritstein." As he spoke, he raised a log prepared for the pile, and was in the act of hurling it at St. Elma, when Katrine threw herself with violence against his arm; the sudden shock struck the piece of wood from his hand—the exertion was too much for Katrine, and she sunk senseless on the ground; at that moment, Cyril, by a violent effort, released himself from the hands which had confined him; in the same instant the doors were forced open, and Martin Luther, followed by several men, entered the court. One glance at the pile explained all to the quick eye of Luther, and throwing the burning brands to the further end of the yard, he exclaimed, "Beasts, monsters, devils, that ye are! dared ye to meditate a crime like this?" Cyril flew and supported St. Elma, while some of Luther's attendants released his bonds.

One attraction of these pages is their entire freedom from any undue religious bias; though leaning to the Protestant side of the question, yet merit is allowed to the other side; there are good Catholics as well as good Protestants introduced, and the characters are thus preserved true to nature. We have only to add, that there is an interesting heroine, and that the mental portraiture of the hero is well developed.

*Service Afloat: comprising the Personal Narrative of a Naval Officer during the late War, and the Journal of an Officer engaged in the Survey under Captain Owen on the Western Coast of Africa.* 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Bentley.

THESE interesting narratives having been principally published in the *United Service Journal*, we are only called upon to say that they are well worthy of their present re-appearance in an improved and enlarged form. The first is a series of genuine sketches of an adventurous naval life; the last, rather ambitiously written, is rendered yet more curious by its locale. The west coast of Africa is the very realm of strange and wonderful events, with black kings on land, and monstrous sharks in the waters. Touching the latter we quote an exemplary paragraph.

"An Englishman cannot understand a tropical sun; the dog-days of our temperate life would be refreshing moments to the toasting, stewing, enervating hours of an African purgatory; frequently, no breath of air sweeps over the waters to cool your parched skin, or else it comes like 'blasts from hell,' and you inhale air that almost burns the lungs, so hot and arid is it. With night comes the tempting but too fatal dews, and a refreshing breeze:

'The morrow comes, when they are not for thee!'

This river abounds with ground-sharks of a prodigious size; and, from the respect which is paid them by the natives, they are quite domesticated. This, however much it may be admired in some animals, is not at all a pleasing trait in the character of a shark; and the domestic monster of this species is quite as disagreeable in his mode of mastication, as his less polished brother of the deep; but probably I shall be better understood by saying, that from having proper respect and attention paid to them, they are quite fearless, and seem to eat you under the impression that *men were made for sharks*. The inhabitants of Bonny worship this very sagacious and agreeable monster, which they call their *jewjew*, and seem to consider that the nearest way to heaven is through the digestive organs of a ground-shark. In consequence of this devotion paid to the shark, it is considered a great crime to kill them; for they say, 'Who kill jewjew, him go dam; but who jewjew eat, him go com'artable;' an odd idea of comfort; but *chacun à son goût*, as our polite neighbours say. These animals appear so well aware of their prerogative of protection, that they commit the most daring acts, and have been known to leap some feet out of the water to get hold of men whilst working in the head of the vessel, thinking, no doubt, that they were fit subjects to be 'made comfortable,' as they had just undergone the process of ablution. Falling overboard is certain destruction, as they keep a constant watch upon all vessels lying in the harbour. The inhabitants hold a kind of festival three or four times a year, which they call the 'jajav.' It is conducted by taking all their canoes into the middle of the river, when, after numerous ceremonies and absurdities to invoke the patronage and protection of their attentive listeners, they commence throwing them quantities of goats, fowls, goms, &c. until every monster that happens to be in the neighbourhood appears satisfied; on which they return to the shore with loud rejoicings. In return for this kindness, the jewjew gives a protection purely Irish; for the first native that any one can get hold of, he prevents any other from attacking, by eating him himself.



Would that this were the only rite they pay to these voracious monsters! Humanity is not so much shocked by the almost self-sacrifice of ignorance to superstition; but, when innocence becomes a victim, compassion shudders at that which she cannot prevent. Every year a guiltless child is doomed to expiate with its life the follies and crimes of its destroyers. The poor babe is named for this bloody rite at its birth, from which time it is called their Jewjew, and allowed every indulgence that its infant fancy can wish for, until it arrives at about nine or ten years of age, when its sanguinary doom must be fulfilled. The tears and lamentations of the child avail not; its parents have placed their feelings of nature on the altar of a mistaken devotion; it is therefore left alone to plead with those that hope to benefit by its destruction. The sharks collect as if in expectation of the dainty meal being prepared for them. The spot chosen is a spit of sand, into which a stake is driven at low-water mark. The mother sees her innocent offspring bound to this, and, as the tide advances, left alone. Various noises are made to drown the cries of the terrified child. Its little hands are seen imploring, and its lips calling for her aid; the water soon reaches the stake, and the greedy monsters are seen by the tender victim quickly approaching with the deepening tide. Have we fellow-creatures like these? Is there a mother that can stand and see this unconcerned? Can her heart be formed like ours? Has not the withering bolt of heaven seared up their feelings, and left them a debased and hardened imitation of humanity? I need but briefly finish the horrible picture. The shouting mob stand watching the stake until the advancing tide has emboldened the sharks to approach their prey—then their dreadful revelry begins. No tear is shed for the poor sufferer, but the day is concluded with rejoicing and festivities. It will be seen from this, and the following fact, that these animals, which in general are looked upon with a feeling of terror and disgust, are here held in much estimation and importance. In their punishments they ever make them their judges (more properly executioners) in case of any atrocity being committed. The person upon whom suspicion falls is ordered by the king to swim across the river, when, if innocent, he is to arrive safe upon the other side; but if otherwise, these just judges are to have him for breakfast. This trial takes place before his majesty and an immense concourse of spectators: the suspected person is brought forth and forced into the river, when the poor devil makes every exertion to reach the destined goal, but, strange to say, the king has never yet left the beach without being fully convinced of the truth of his suspicions, as no instance is on record of the sharks ever allowing him to be in the wrong. This is certainly very like hanging first and trying afterwards. These people have a great deal of trade and constant intercourse with Europeans, yet we found them in many things as debased as any savages upon the coast; and these bloody ceremonies, which they perform to the present day, corroborate this statement. Another object of their devotion is the guana, a species of lizard, which is one of the most privileged members of society, and allowed to do whatever it pleases with impunity. It is a most filthy and disgusting reptile, which, in this unaccountable country, may be a reason for the attention which is paid it. The length to which this is carried is beyond conception; and I have on several occasions seen it enter a house and deliberately carry off fowls and ducks which were intended for immediate consumption, and

this without being molested in any way by the proprietor, who, on the contrary, seemed to consider himself honoured by the preference which this object of his devotion had given him."

At the present period, when the question of slave emancipation is so hotly discussed, we think the following remarks on the negro character, from the first portion of this work, will be read with interest.

"Many of the African nations or tribes evince intellectual capabilities and moral qualities, which only require cultivation to place them on a par with the proud European. In all this they are decidedly superior to most other tropical nations, but with none is the contrast more striking than with their dark brethren, the aborigines of the New World, and those of the Antilles, the Charaibs. The distance in many points is immense, but in nothing do they differ more than in the following characteristics. The one is all animation and energy, the latter supine, listless, and indifferent to every thing but his ease, incurring starvation and every privation in the indulgence of his darling propensity, and testifying an abhorrence to exertion, to innovation and change, which sets civilisation at defiance, and leaves little to hope. The negro may be moulded to any thing. For the exertion of the higher intellectual qualities, though data for forming a correct estimate may not be abundant, instances of a sufficiently decided and evident character are not wanting; and judging further from analogy, there is no reason to doubt their capabilities on this head. They have excellent memories; they make the best of artisans, and may be readily taught any handicraft. I have often been struck with a quickness of perception and aptitude for imitation truly astonishing. One of the best mimics I ever saw was an old negro at Bridge Town: among other caricatures, he used to ape the formal and ostentatious manners and address of the governor, the late Sir George —, in a way that amused and surprised every one. But, indeed, those who have the faculty of observation need not go beyond the precincts of our own metropolis to be convinced: not a few instances may be seen of the readiness with which certain sabbie dandies copy the fashions of the day, and the air, strut, and lounge of our exquisites. But although an infinite diversity of character exists among the various species of this numerous family, yet, however the extremes may differ, all exhibit certain general physical traits, principally in the woolly hair, which would seem to mark them as a homogeneous class. Among the tribes with which (as more generally the victims of the disgraceful traffic) Europeans have the best opportunities of becoming acquainted, are the Mandingoes, the Coromantines, or Gold Coast negroes, the Whidah people, or Papaws, the Eboes, and the natives of Congo and Angola. Of these the Mandingoes and the Papaws evince a gentleness and docility of disposition and demeanour which might warrant the idea of its being the result of early systematic discipline and education. The physical development of some of these tribes is in unison with these dispositions. The phenological and physiognomical outline differs essentially from that of the more southern natives (who are distinguished by their flat noses, thick lips, and projecting lower jaws); and what is singular, they are in a great measure exempt from the peculiar fetid odour which exhales from the skin of the latter. Others again, as the Coromantines, evince intellectual and moral powers that might throw into the

shade those so much boasted of by their white fellows. Their principal characteristic is, however, a firmness and tenacity of purpose, and an unshaken courage, which set at nought all that human malice, stimulated by the refinements of cruelty, can invent to torture and to terrify,—meeting death not only with a fortitude, but an indifference which might well vie with the proudest of those apocryphal examples of Roman stoicism and heroism with which it is the fashion of classic cant to interlard its pompous periods. Whether this may have its origin in apathy or elevation of soul, it were as unnecessary as useless to discuss; wherever the quality has been met with, we have been taught, and justly, to admire and respect it, as placing its possessor above the more appalling evils of humanity; and this virtue of character is more or less general among all the tribes above alluded to.

"The natives of Whidah, or the Papaws, as they are sometimes called, are the most docile and best-disposed of the whole: without the firmness of the Coromantines, they are free from the timidity and desponding temper of the Eboes. These last are from the Bight of Benin, and may be classed among the lowest in the scale of the natives. This moral inferiority is in harmony with their physiognomical and phenological outline; the elongation of the lower jaw and the expression of the visage approaching, more or less, to that of the *simia* genus; their timidity forms a striking contrast with the frank and fearless tempers of other tribes. The Congoes and natives of Angola are of mild and docile dispositions, with a smaller proportion of that propensity to transgress the eighth commandment, which forms a prominent trait among barbarous people. They make expert mechanics, but are better fitted for domestic than field labour: in general, they are a cheerful, good-natured people, patient under suffering and ill-treatment, but alive to kindness."

The writer is a strong anti-slavery advocate. These volumes are altogether very entertaining and light reading: excellent for a casual take-up and lay-down, while reclining in this hot weather.

*The Family Library, No. XXXVII. Lives of Scottish Worthies, Vol. III. By P. Fraser Tytler, Esq., F.R.S. and F.S.A. London, Murray.*

THIS volume terminates these sketches of *Scottish Worthies*, in a manner at once very interesting and well worthy of the high literary reputation of Mr. Tytler. The contents are a conclusion of the biography of King James I.; lives of Robert Henryson, W. Dunbar, Gavin Douglas, and Sir David Lindsay; and a few pages of antiquarian illustrations, which the author had met with in his researches, and found it inconvenient to incorporate with his other details. It is altogether a delightful book, in which we discern, as in a mirror, "the form and pressure" of ancient times, reflected by the genius of the ablest authors, and placed in striking relief by the skill of our contemporary. The memoir of the unfortunate James cannot offer us much of novelty to quote in illustration of these remarks; and we shall, therefore, seek our usual proofs in the less familiar notice of Henryson, who was born in the reign of James II., who wrote a sixth book to complete "Chaucer's Troilus and Cressida," not unworthy of the famous English bard, and was a person of extraordinary poetical talent:—

"Of the works of this remarkable man (says Mr. Tytler) it is difficult, when we consider

the period in which they were written, to speak in terms of too warm encomium. In strength, and sometimes even in sublimity of paintings in pathos and sweetness, in the variety and beauty of his pictures of natural scenery, in the vein of quiet and playful humour which run, through many of his pieces, and in that fine natural taste, which, rejecting the faults of his age, has dared to think for itself,—he is altogether excellent: and did the limits of these sketches permit, it would be easy to justify this high praise by examples. Where, for instance, could we meet, even in the works of Chaucer or Spenser, with a finer personification than this early poet has given us of Saturn, sitting shivering in his cold and distant sphere, his matted locks falling down his shoulders, glittering and fretted with hoar frosts: the wind whistling through his grey and weather-beaten garments, and a sheaf of arrows, feathered with ice and headed with hailstones, stuck under his girdle?

His face frouned, his lere was like the lede  
His teeth chattered and shivered with the chin,  
His eyin droupid, whole sonkin in his hede;  
Out at his nose the mildrop fast gan rin,  
With lippis blew, and chekis lene and thin;  
The icicles that fra his heere doone honges,  
Were wonder grete, and as a speer was longe.  
Attour his belte his lyart lokkis laie  
Feltrid unfair or frait with frost and dreid,  
His garment and his gite full gay of graie,  
His withered weide fro him the winde out wore;  
A bousteous bow within his hande he bore;  
Under his girdle a fasche of felon flains  
Fedrid with ice, and headed with holstains.\*

Let us turn now for a moment from this wintry picture, and observe with what a fresh and glowing pencil, with what an ease and gracefulness of execution, the same hand can bring before us a summer landscape:—

In middie of June, that joly swete seassoun,  
Quhen that fair Phœbus with his beamis brycht  
Had dryit up the dew fra daill and down,  
And all the land maid with his lemyss lycht,  
In a morning, between midday and nycht,  
I rais and put all sloth and sleep aside,  
Ontill a wod I went alone, but gyd.  
Sweet was the smell of flouris quhyt and reid,  
The nois of birdis rycht delitious,  
The bewis brod blumyt abone my heid,  
The grund growand with grasses gratious,  
Of all plesans that place was plenteous  
With sweit odours and birdis armonie,  
The morning myld, my mirth was mair forthy.  
The roses red arrayit, the rone and ryss,  
The primrose and the puerpe viola;  
To heir, it was a point of paradys,  
Sic mirth, the navis and the merle couth ma;  
The blossoms byth brak up on bank and bra,  
The smell of herbs, and of foulis the cry,  
Contending quha suld have the victory.†

From the "Troilus and Cressida" we may notice the example of some very sweet lines on the blessings of simple life:—

"Blessit be symple life withouthen dreid,  
Blessit be sober feast in quietie,  
Quha hes aneuch of nae mair hes he neid,  
Thocht it be lyill int quantitie.  
Abundance great and blind prosperitie  
Mak attentimes a very ill conclusion;  
The sweetest lyfe therefore in this countrie,  
Is sicknessen and peace with small possession.  
Friend, thy awin fire thocht it be but an gleid,  
Will warm thee weel, and is worth gold to thee;  
And Solomon, the sage, says, (gif se reid,)  
Under the hevyn, I na nocht better see,  
Then ay be blyth, and live in honestie:  
Quhairfore I may conclude me with this reason,—  
Of early bliss it bears the best degree,  
Blythness of heart, in peace with small possession."

Allan Ramsay could not fail to have this in his mind (as, in truth, he had almost all writings of his elder predecessors whose works embellish this volume), when he penned his "Gentle Shepherd":—

\* Lere, flesh or skin; lyart, hoary; feltrid, matted; gite, fashion of clothing; fedrid, feathered.  
† Lemyss, beams; but gyd, without guide; the rone and ryss, the brambles and bushes.  
‡ Sicknessen, security; awin, own; gleid, unknown; gif se reid, if you read.

"Quha has aneuch, of na mair has he neid,"

is the prototype of,

"He who has just enough may soundly sleep,  
The o'ercome only fashies folk to keep."

Henryson is the original in our language of a very celebrated apologue, of which Mr. Tytler speaks as follows:—

"The well-known apologue, of which this is the 'moralitie'—that of the Town and Country Mouse—has been delightfully translated, or rather paraphrased, both by Pope and La Fontaine; yet our ancient Scottish bard need not dread a comparison with either. There is not, indeed, in his production (what it would be unreasonable to look for) the polished elegance, the graceful court-like expressions, and the pointed allusions to modern manners which mark the versification of these great masters; but there is a quiet vein of humour, a succession of natural pictures, both burgh and land-ware, city and rural; and a felicity in adapting the sentiments to the little four-footed actors in the drama, which is peculiarly its own. Henryson's mice speak and reason exactly as one of these long-whiskered, tiny individuals might be expected to do, were they suddenly to be permitted to express their feelings. There is, if we may be allowed the expression, a more mouse-like verisimilitude about his story, than either of his gifted successors. The tale is introduced with great spirit:—

Easop relates a tale, well worth renown.  
Of twa wee mice, and they war sisters dear;  
Of quhom the eldier dwelt in Borevoustoun,  
The zunger scho wond upon land weil neir,  
Richt solitar beneath the buss and brier;  
Quhytle on the corns and wraith of labouring men,  
As outlaws do, scho maid an easy fen.  
The rural mous, unto the winter tyde  
Thold cauld and hunger oft, and great distress;  
The uther mous, that in the burgh gan hide,  
Was gilt-brother, and made a free burgess,  
Toll-free, and without custom mair or less,  
And fredom had to gae where'er she list.\*

The burgh or city mouse is seized with a sudden desire to pay her country sister a visit, and with staff in hand,

"As pilgrim pure scho past out of the toun,  
To seek her sister baith in dale and down.

The meeting of the two relatives is described with much naïveté:—

Thro mony toilsom ways then couth she walk, [breir  
Thro mair and mair throughout bank, buss, and  
Fra fur to fur, cryand, frae baulk to baulk,  
Come forth to me my ain sweet sister dear,  
Cry 'Peep' ans. With that the mous couth hear,  
And knew her voice, as kindly kinsmen will,  
Scho heard with joy, and furch scho can her till.

The entertainment given by the rural mouse, the poverty of the beild and board, the affectation and nice stomach of the city dame her sister, are admirably given:—

Quhen thus were ligit thir twa sillie mice,  
The youngest sister to her buttry hied,  
And brocht forth nutis and pease, instead of spice,  
And sic plain cheer, as she had her beside.  
The burgess mous seae dynd and full of pride,  
Said, Sister mine, is this your daily food?  
Why not, quoth she, think ye this mess not good?  
My sister fair, quoth she, have me excused,  
This diet rude and I can neer accord;  
With tender meat my stomach still is us'd—  
For why, I fare as well as any low;  
Thir withir'd nuts and pease, or they be bored,  
Will break my chaffa, and mak my teeth full slender,  
Which have been us'd before to meat more tender.†

The rest of the story, and the catastrophe, are well known; the invitation of the city mouse, its acceptance, their perilous journey to town, their delicious meal, and its fearful interruption by Hunter Gib, (the jolly cat,) the pangs of the rural mouse, whose heart is almost frightened out of its little velvet tenement, her marvellous escape, and the delight with

\* Zunger, younger; scho, she; wraith, waste; fen, life; thold, bore.  
† Ligit, lodged; dynd, nice.

which she again finds herself in her warm nest in the country, are described with great felicity of humour. No one who has witnessed the ingenuity of the torment inflicted by a cat on its victim, will fail to recognise the perfect nature of 'Hunter Gib's' conduct when the unfortunate rural citizen is under his clutches.

From foot to foot he cast her to and frae,  
Whiles up, whiles down, as tait as ony kid,  
Wiles would he let her run beneath the strae,  
Whiles would he wink and play with her bubhid:  
Thus to the silly mous great harm he did,  
Till at the last, thro fortune fair and hap,  
Betwixt the dresser and the wall she crap.  
Syne up in haste beside the panaling  
Sae high she clam, that Gibby might not get her,  
And by the cleeks sae crafty gan hing  
Till he was gane; her cheer was all the better;  
Syne down she lap when there was name to let her.  
Then on the burgess mous aloud did cry,  
Sister, fareweel, thy feast I here defy.\*

William Dunbar flourished under James IV., of whose personal character and court the author has given us some very entertaining descriptions. Referring to the minute manuscript accounts kept by the lord treasurer, of this monarch's expenditure, he tells us—

"On the 11th of February, 1488, we find the king bestowing nine pounds on gentill John, the English lute; on the 10th of June, we have an item to English pyppers, who played to the king at the castle gate, of eight pounds eight shillings; on the 31st of August, Patrick Johnson and his fallows, that playit a play to the king, in Lithgow, receive three pounds; Jacob, the lutar, the king of bene, Swanky that brought balls to the king, twa wemen that sang to his highness, Witherspoon, the foular, that told tales and brought fowls, Tom Pringill, the trumpeter, twa fithelaris, that sang Grey Steill to the king, the brokenbakkitt fiddler of St. Andrews, Quhisilgybourrie, a female dancer, Wat Sangster, young Rudman, the lutar, the wife that kept the hawks' nest in Craigforth, Willie Mercer, who lap in the stank by the king's command—and innumerable others, who came in for a high share of the regal bounty,

And ken none other craft nor curis,  
But to mak thrang within the duris—

confirm the assertions of the indignant poet, and evince the extravagance and levity of the monarch. The same records not only corroborate Dunbar's description, but bring before us, in fresh and lively colours, the court itself, with its gay and laughter-loving monarch. Let not history deride the labours of the patient antiquary; for never, in her moments of happiest composition, could she summon up a more natural and striking picture than we can derive from these ancient and often neglected records. We are enabled, by the clear and authentic lights which they furnish, to trace the motions of the court and of its royal master, not only from year to year, but to mark the annals of every day. We see his majesty before he rises on the new-year's morning; we stand beside his chamberlain, and see the nobles, with their gifts and offerings, crowd into the apartment; nor is his favourite, gentle John, the English fool, forgotten, who brings his present of cross-bows; then enters the King of Bene, enacted by Tom Pringle; Jok Goldsmith chaunts his ballad below the window; the gysars dance; and in the evening the Bishop of Glasgow, the Earl of Bothwell, the Lord Chancellor, and the treasurer, play at cards with his highness. Such are but a few of the characteristic touches of these remarkable records. They would furnish us with a thousand more, had we time or limits to detail them. They enable us to accompany the prince to his chapel royal at Stirling; we

\* Tait, tenderly; bubhid, hide and seek; cleeks, hooks or pins.

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see the boys of the choir bending down to remove his spurs, and receive their accustomed largesse; we follow him in his progresses through his royal burghs, and listen to the thanks of the godwife of the king's lodging, as the generous prince bestows his gratuity; we climb the romantic crag on which St. Anthony's chapel is situated, and almost hear his confession; we can follow him into his study, and find him adding to the scanty library which was all the times permitted even to a king—the works of Quintilian and Virgil, and the sang-buiks in which he took so much delight; his shooting at the butts with his nobles; his bandying jokes with his artillerymen; his issuing to the chase or the tournament, from his royal castles of Stirling or Falkland, surrounded by a cavalcade of noble knights and beautiful damsels; his presence at the christening of the Earl of Buchan's son, and the gold piece which he drops into the caudle,—all are brought before us as graphically as at the moment of their occurrence. And whilst our interest is heightened and our imagination gratified by the variety and brilliancy of the scenery which is thus called up, we have the satisfaction to know that all is true to nature, and infinitely more authentic than the pages even of a contemporary historian."

Among the antiquarian papers at the end, we find the following, bearing on the same price and period.

"It appears from the unpublished extracts from the accounts of the High Treasurer of Scotland, collected by the Rev. Mr. McGregor Stirling, a gentleman of rare but unobtrusive talent in the investigation of the sources of Scottish history, that, amongst the various curiosities, animate and inanimate, which James IV. was fond of amassing, were a party of blackamoors. These sable ornaments of his court he treated with great kindness and distinction; and the expenses upon their clothing and entertainment occupy a prominent place in the books of the treasurer. They were captured in a Portuguese ship, which brought other curiosities; amongst the rest, a musk cat, and 'Portingale horse, with a red tail.' James ordered one of the Moor lasses to be christened; upon which occasion, such is the minuteness of the accounts, that we are informed his majesty put nine shillings in the caudle. A tournament appears afterwards to have been held in honour of the 'black lady,' in which this sable beauty was introduced in a triumphal chariot, and gallant knights contended for the prize which she was to adjudge; nay, such was the solemnity and grave importance with which these feudal amusements were prepared, that articles of defiance were sent to France, in which a Scottish champion, under the name of a wild or savage knight, (probably the king himself,) challenged the chivalry of that court to break a spear in honour of the black lady. On this occasion, Sir Anthony D'Arse, a French cavalier of great skill in all warlike exercises, who was afterwards cruelly murdered in Scotland, appears to have gained much distinction. He arrived at the court of Scotland, accompanied by a numerous suite, and was received by James with high honour. His mission, probably, was not solely of a chivalrous nature, but involved subjects of political importance, which could be readily concealed from common observation under the gorgeous disguise of the tournament. Whatever was its nature, the consideration in which he was held may be inferred from the generosity of his reception and the splendid presents with which he was dismissed. I copy some of the items as

a specimen of those valuable documents from which we may derive so much information upon the manners of the country. When Sir Anthony arrived, his horse's feet seem to have been swelled and beat by the journey, and Robert Galloway was ordered to bathe them with wine:—'Item, to Robt. Galloway, for wyne to baiss the French knyghtis hors feet, 4sh. Item, for the French knyghtis collaciounes, belcheir servandis, wages, fra the 11th day of December instant to this day, £4. 4sh. 5d. Item, for his folkis expensis in Edinburgh quihilk remanit behind him, £7. 13sh. Item, to the French knight himself, £112. \* \* Item, ane ducat of wecht, to gild the knop of the goblets that was the Bishop of Murray's, and given to Anthony Darsey, 15sh. 6d. Item, to the said Anthony, the French knight, 400 French crowns in English money, summa £280. Item, for a twelve-piece silver vessel, new made in Flanders, weighing 12 pound, 8 ounces, £280. Item, ane salt fat of the lady of gold, given by the queen on New Year's Day, the year of God 1504, and given to the said knyght. Item, ane stoup and ane flaggat of silver, brought hame be Master James Merchanstoun, with their cases given to him. Item, the ten goblets of silver, given by the Bishop of Murray on New Year's Day by past, given to him. Item, for burnishing and grathing of the same 13sh. Item, that day after the French knight departed sent to Haddington to his servants fifty French crowns, summa £36. Item, to the French knyght's expenses in Haddington, and on the morrow to his dinner, horse's meat, and belcher, £5. 15sh. 8d. Item, to seven French saddles to him, £9. 15sh. Item, to James Ackman, for the French knight's lodging from Michaelmas to Candlemas, which is 13 weeks, each week 24sh., summa £21. 13sh.' These entries occur towards the end of the year 1506; but, in the succeeding summer of 1507, the king appears to have instituted another gorgeous tournament in honour of the black lady. She again appeared in a triumphal chariot, and was arrayed in a robe of damask silk, powdered with gold spangles; whilst her two damsels were clothed in gowns of green Flanders taffeta. On this occasion there were introduced a troop of wild men. The books of the high treasurer conduct us behind the scenes, and let us know that the 'goat-skins and harts' horns in which these civilised savages enacted their parts, were sent by Sir William Murray from Tullibardine, at the expense of six shillings.' It was probably on this occasion that Dunbar indited his lines on 'Ane Black Moir.'

Lang have I sung of ladies white,  
Now of ane black I will indite  
That landed forth from the last ships;  
Whom fain I would describe perfyte,  
My ladye with the meikle lipps.  
How she is tute now'd like an ape,  
And like a gangral unto graip;  
And how her short cat-nose up skips;  
And how she shines like ony saip,—  
My ladye with the meikle lipps.  
When she is clad in rich apparel,  
She blinks as bright as ane tar-barrel;  
When she was born, the sun thof'd clipse,  
The nycht be fain fought in her quarrel,—  
My ladye with the meikle lipps.

It appears from the books of the high treasurer, under December 2, 1512, that the queen had a black maiden who waited on her. 'Item, for three ells of French russet to the queen's black maiden, 3s. 16s. 6d.'"

One of the most interesting of these papers is a statement to shew that the author of the old popular poem of Wallace (Blind Harry), had, in the midst of his poetical flights, enjoyed access to some more authentic chronicle than has descended to our time. A later life of Wal-

lace, by Master John Blair, and a work by Mr. Thomas Gray, the parson of Liberton, appear to have furnished his more correct materials. The inquiry is, though very short, an amusing and instructive exposition of contemporary history.

From Mr. Tytler we have to add but one extract more, relating to a memorable event, and occurring in his excellent memoir of Sir David Lindsay, a poet so esteemed, that even to the present day, when any thing very wonderful or extraordinary is spoken of, it is said proverbially, "there's no such a thing in a Davy Lindsay!"

"The murder of Beaton, one of the most flagrant acts which has been perpetrated in any age or country, took place, as is well known, at St. Andrew's, on the 29th of May, 1546. Into its secret history we will not now enter, remarking only that the plot can be traced, upon evidence of the most unquestionable authenticity, to Henry VIII., that the assassins have been detected in intimate correspondence with that monarch, proposing the cutting off this able enemy, receiving his approval of the design, supported by his money, and encouraged by the promise of a shelter in his dominions. To Lindsay, and many of the reformers, the atrocity of the deed was forgotten in the feelings of triumph and gratulation with which they regarded the removal of their ablest and most determined enemy. The tone of the Lord Lion, however, is more quiet and decorous than that adopted by Knox. Sitting in his oratory, and pondering in a thoughtful and melancholy mood over Boccaccio's work on the 'Downfall of Princes,' a grisly ghost glides into the chamber, with a pale countenance, and the blood flowing from many wounds over its rich ecclesiastical vestments:—

I sitting so upon my book reading,  
Richt suddenly afore me did appear  
Ane woundit man, abundantlie bleiding,  
With visage pale, and with a deldly cheer,  
Seeming a man of twa-and-fifty year,  
In raiment red, clothed full courteously  
Of velvet and of satin cramoyse.

This, as may be easily anticipated, is the apparition of the once proud Cardinal, who is made to rehearse his own story, to expose his ambition, prodigality, and oppression; from which he takes occasion to admonish his brethren the prelates upon the criminal courses in which they indulged, and to enter a solemn caveat to all earthly princes against their indiscriminate presentation of ecclesiastical benefices to ignorant and unworthy pastors."

From these few examples, our readers may conclude that they have here a volume which no person of literary taste can begin without going to the end with pleasure.

*Report of the First and Second Meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science; at York in 1831, and at Oxford in 1832; including its Proceedings, Recommendations, and Transactions. 8vo. pp. 624. London, 1833. Murray.*

A SUMMARY of these highly interesting proceedings has already appeared in different numbers of the *Literary Gazette*. The present volume contains a detailed account of them. In addition to several that are unavoidably postponed, we are promised, in the next volume, reports on the following subjects:—"On the state of our knowledge respecting the magnetism of the earth," by Mr. Christie; "on the present state of the analytical theory of hydrostatics and hydrodynamics," by the Rev. Mr. Challis; "on the state of our knowledge of hydraulics, considered as a branch of engi-



neering," by Mr. George Rennie; "on the state of our knowledge of the strength of materials," by Mr. Barlow; "on the state of our knowledge respecting mineral veins," by Mr. John Taylor; "on the state of physiological knowledge," by the Rev. Professor Clark; and "on the state of zoological knowledge," by Mr. Vigors. Professor Airy's paper, "on the present state of astronomical knowledge," has justly obtained so high and universal a degree of celebrity, that any compliment from us would be superfluous. Altogether, the value of these annual meetings, as inducements to the ablest men to commit their ideas to writing, and consequently to obtain the publication of what would otherwise be confined to limited circles, is of vast importance to science and to our national character.

*The Field Book: or, Sports and Pastimes of the United Kingdom. Compiled from the best Authorities, ancient and modern.* By the Author of "Wild Sports of the West." 8vo. pp. 616: double columns. London, 1833. Wilson.

A COMPILATION so copious as to embrace, we should think, almost every thing useful on the widely diversified subject of sports or sporting; though certainly not including what have been called pastimes in the true sense of the word. Fishing, fowling, hunting, racing, and medicine, are most amply classed, and alphabetically illustrated. In consequence of this, it is, in many respects, a droll dictionary: as, for example, if we look for the word "ball" as a sport, we find it defined as a bolus for horses. Cricket is described; golf is not mentioned—but both are games or pastimes of a similar kind. In short, Blaine, Cuvier, Percivall, Rennie, Davy, White, Jesse, Hawker, &c. &c. have been put into good order for reference; and there are a number of neat cuts of natural history to illustrate the volume, which is a sort of library in itself in the matters we have specified.

*The Emigrant's Directory and Guide to obtain Lands and effect a Settlement in the Canadas.* By F. A. Evans, late Agent for the Eastern Townships of Lower Canada. 12mo. pp. 180. Dublin, Curry and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd.

At a period when the tide of emigration, and of very considerable capital, is setting strongly towards the Canadas, we recommend this volume as one of the most certain, intelligent, and useful Guides which we have yet seen. Though abridged, it is replete with direct and useful information on every point which can affect an emigrant and settler.

*A Circumstantial Narrative of the Wreck of the Rothsay Castle Steam-Packet, &c.* By Joseph Adshead. 12mo. pp. 515. London, 1833. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS is indeed a very long and a very circumstantial account of a sad catastrophe. Unless under the dominion of a morbid feeling, not to be coveted, we can hardly understand how any body could like to dwell on all the minute details of such a calamity. We cannot approve of the author's labours. There may, it is truly said, be too much even of a good thing; and it holds, of course that there may readily be too much of a painful thing. One of the most common mistakes in would-be affecting and striking writers is, that they fancy they make horrors more horrible, and grief more distressing, by dwelling on every little particular; and into this fault Mr.

Adshead has fallen as far as descent could go. His attempts at pathos consequently border on the ludicrous. The whole melancholy accident had ample space in a newspaper column, but was unsuited to a publication of this extent.

*True Stories from the History of Ireland. Third Series; containing the Memorabilia of Ireland under the Stuarts.* By John James M'Gregor, author of a "History of the French Revolution," &c. &c. Dublin, 1833. Curry, jun. and Co.

SINCERELY do we wish that the history, the true history, the whole history, and nothing but the history of Ireland were written; but we fear we shall long wish in vain. The documents from which such consummation, so devoutly desired by us, may be expected, lie, we imagine, too deeply buried in official dust, or too widely dispersed, to allow of their speedy union for so important a purpose;—ages of warfare have destroyed many, and scattered some, of the materials for that history. And much, we believe, from the fragments which occasionally burst upon us, is involved in the difficulty of an obscure language. Before, therefore, we can cordially receive as *True Stories from the History of Ireland* the little volumes sent forth under that title, we desire to know more of the genuine history of the country, and of the real motives of action of those men who figure in the pages of Irish history. Mr. M'Gregor copies the statements, the anecdotes, the factiae, related by former writers; and although his book by no means realises its title, it is no bad epitome of the history of Ireland as heretofore written.

*A General View of the Geology of Scripture, in which the unerring Truth of the inspired Narrative of the early Events in the World is exhibited and distinctly proved by the comparative Testimony of Physical Facts on every part of the Earth's Surface.* By George Fairholme, Esq. 8vo. pp. 493. London, 1833. Ridgway.

THIS, like many other works of the same kind, is a laudable, but, as in the existing state of the science it must necessarily be, an imperfect attempt to reconcile the indications and theories of geology with the facts of the creation as related in sacred history. At present, with all due respect for the author's object, we cannot perceive that either science or religion can benefit by similar efforts. It were surely better to wait patiently till the noble, but almost infant, science of geology shall approach nearer to an adult age ere the alliance is attempted. The work is, however, amply worthy of perusal, containing ingenious arguments and interesting facts.

*Family Classical Library, Vols. XL. XLI. Ovid, Vols. I. II.* Valpy.

THE translations of Dryden, Pope, Congreve, Addison, and others, of this delicious classic, are here commenced in continuing the excellent series, of which Ovid must form so charming a part.

*Little Lessons for Little Readers: in Words of One Syllable.* By Mrs. Barwell. Pp. 176. London, 1833. Westley and Davis.

A VERY pretty little volume, and deserving no little praise, for not a little labour must have been bestowed on finding and arranging all these little words. The plan is good, and consists of familiar dialogue and brief narrative embodied in words of one syllable; the young

attention being thus led on by the subjects, and the memory kept in continual exercise. We cordially recommend this ingenious volume.

*Frank Orby.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Longman and Co.

THIS is evidently the production of an inexperienced writer; too many characters are introduced, and the plot is rambling and confused; but there are some lively caricatures, and the work is interspersed with some true and acute remarks.

*Valpy's Shakespeare, with Illustrations.* Vols. VI. VII. Valpy.

MACRETH, King John, and Richard II., three of the noblest emanations of the author, enrich the first of these volumes; the historical plays Henry IV. and Henry V. the other.

*The Manner of Proceeding on Bills in the House of Commons.* By George Bramwell. 4to. pp. 175. London, Hansard and Son; J. and W. T. Clarke; Cadell; Payne and Foss.

THIS most necessary and valuable treatise will be found essentially useful to every member of parliament, and to every one having parliamentary business to transact. It is at once an excellent guide and a perfect authority.

*Mechanic's Magazine, Vol. XVIII.* London, 1833. Salmon.

THE volume for the last six months of our really ingenious and useful contemporary. It is well deserving of encouragement, for it sticks faithfully and fairly to its single purpose. A portrait of Mr. Babbage is prefixed, and is a strong likeness of that most able, though not most satisfied, individual.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TYROL.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.\*

SIR,—Not being at present resident in England, I did not see your *Gazette* of 4th May early enough to enable me to reply to the letter which appears in that number so promptly as I could have wished. I now take the liberty of doing so, in the belief that I have a reasonable claim to be heard.

I confess it does seem to me somewhat singular, that after having favourably noticed a work in your columns, you should admit a correction of your notice, and a censure upon my book, by an anonymous writer; more especially as his letter is written in so acrimonious a spirit as must necessarily beget strong suspicions that he is the author, or friend of the author, of one or other of the books which he takes occasion to laud; and that his letter has been dictated by a spirit of jealousy. But let that pass. I come now to my reply.

The principal charge which your correspondent makes against me, is contained in the following passage of my work. "If the traveller follows the route I have laid down, he will have seen by far the greater part of what the Tyrol has to offer." This, sir, I have said, and this I repeat; and for the strict truth of the assertion, I refer you to any good map of the Tyrol, or even to the book so much praised by your correspondent, Latrobe's volume, which my publishers have been kind enough to send to me, and where I find that the author, with the exception of some excursions among the mountains on the extreme borders of the Tyrol to-

\* With this letter we hope justice will be satisfied.—Ed. L. G.

wards Carinthia and Friuli, has visited almost the identical places, mountains, and valleys, which I have visited.

But, sir, unless the object of a traveller be to make a survey of a country, or to write a topographical and statistical account of it, I do not think it at all necessary that he should climb every mountain, or traverse every mountain gorge; nor do I think the traveller can accumulate much valuable information by spending his days among remote and scantily inhabited districts, unless his objects be scientific. Such a personal narrative becomes tedious, because of its sameness; and although I can gather pleasure on the mountains, and have not, in my works, passed them over as unworthy of notice, I have yet ever thought that more is to be learned worthy of being told again among inhabited places, and in cultivated, or at least productive, districts. Indeed, in this very work on the Tyrol, I have omitted records of excursions among the mountains; and at p. 267, vol. i., after saying that I penetrated up the Zillerthal, I observe, "But a narrative of this excursion would be but a repetition of description, or a record of feelings, little interesting to any but the traveller himself." This, sir, is my opinion, founded upon a tolerably extensive experience; and I am therefore entitled to believe, that if I had visited the several valleys and ranges enumerated in your correspondent's letter, I should have gathered little to add to the general stock of knowledge, though I should no doubt have increased my own stock of enjoyment. I believe there is interest in every valley or gorge of every mountain country; but, as Dr. Johnson said of a dinner to which he had been invited, "It was a very good dinner, but not a dinner to invite one to eat," so I say of such valleys,—they are doubtless interesting and picturesque, but not sufficiently so to tell the world about.

As for the correction of errors noted by your correspondent, they are generally so trifling as to be unworthy of my notice; for it imports little to know whether there be one or two inns in the village of Brenner. When I use the word inn, I do not mean pot-house. That any traveller should write his travels without embodying a single inaccuracy, I believe never appeared since the world began. To such perfection I do not lay claim.

Not contented with attempting a correction of facts, your correspondent would also correct opinions, and, in fact, offers a review of your review. Believing, however, that the public will be inclined to put faith in my opinion of Tyrolean character quite as readily as in the contradiction of your anonymous correspondent, I shall attempt no defence of Tyrolean female virtue.

Allow me, sir, in conclusion, to thank you for your favourable notices, and to assure your correspondent, that in the second edition of my work I will take care to mention that there are two inns in Brenner, that Monte Selvio should be spelt Monte Stelvio, and that a correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, signing himself Z., has found some frailty among the Tyrolean damsels. I am, &c.

May 11, 1833.

HENRY D. INGLIS.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex in the chair. A note by Professor Daubeny of Oxford, on a paper by Dr. Davy, relative to the late volcano on the coast of Sicily, was read: the learned professor leans to the belief, that to some chemical

process going on at the time, the gas evolved must be attributed. A paper by Dr. Turner, entitled experimental researches on atomic weights, was likewise read:—Dr. Turner shews, that the *equivalents* used by British chemists have been adopted on fallacious evidence; he compares them with those of Berzelius, which he considers as coming nearest to the truth: he then details a number of experiments made by himself in ascertaining the equivalents of lead, chlorine, nitrate of silver, nitrogen, &c.; and compares his results with the equivalents fixed in Dr. Thomson's recently published work on chemistry. He finds that he nearly agrees with Berzelius,—not so Thomson, according to whom the equivalent of

Silver is .....	110	Berzelius ....	108
Barium .....	70	.....	68
Mercury:.....	200	.....	202

and so on. In fact, there are many instances, as in those above, of British chemists recording the equivalents even to minute decimals, while they are in error to the extent of 1.5 or 2.

Earl Darnley and others were admitted fellows of the Society.

### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE subject of Tuesday evening's illustration was docks and harbours and their construction, by Mr. Palmer. The lecturer, by the aid of Smeaton's work on the same subject, and a reference to diagrams, succeeded in conveying to his numerous auditors a correct idea of the use and importance of docks and harbours to navigation. In the Society's rooms various microscopes were exhibited; also a new three-lens telescope, by Mr. Cuthbert, the peculiarities of which appeared to be diminution of length and increase of power.

### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ONE of the members of the council in the chair.—Observations were read on a new genus of *Picidae*, by Mr. Gould. To this form he gave the name of *dendrochetta*. It comprehends the *Pica vagabunda*, and several allied species; one of which he introduced for the first time to science. Mr. Bennett on an example of the genus *Lagotis*, which recently died in the gardens of the Society, and into the history of which he went at some length. The animal is the long-eared *viscachio* of South America. Mr. Bennett also made some observations on the bony palate of fishes, and on that fossil palate recently received from Madagascar, and which was alluded to in our last notice. The lecture which followed the second meeting was on the class *Porifera*, embracing the corals and *madrepores*. The general character of these animals, low in the scale of animated beings, was entered into, and also the forms and structure of their horny and calcareous secretions,—secretions covering rocks, and tending to form islands in the calm waters of the Pacific Sea. The true nature of the fleshy body, its vital properties, its organs, its mode of reproduction by *gemmules*, were minutely detailed. The general zoological divisions were next pointed out, and a sketch given of the part these creatures are destined to act in the great machinery of the universe.

In our notice of the anniversary we simply stated, that the cordial thanks of the Society were given to Mr. Vigors for his valuable exertions and donations; but did not state that it was on the occasion of that gentleman's retiring from the office of secretary, which we have since learned to be the case.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

MR. CULLIMORE'S memoir "on the periods of the erection of the Theban temple of Ammon, at Karnak." Read March 20th and April 17th. Among the various examples which might be selected for the purpose of directing attention to the utility of hieroglyphic discovery, in throwing light upon those ages of history which have hitherto been deemed fabulous, the writer considers the most clear and conclusive to be the progressive erection of this magnificent edifice, by a long line of monarchs anterior to the commencement of the Greek and Roman states. The data on which the present inquiry is founded, are the hieroglyphic successions of the Egyptian kings, whose names, or titles, are found on their respective sculptures and monuments; and the validity of which is, on all hands, admitted. The writer first examines the notices which we possess respecting the first erection of the temple of Ammon; in doing which he identifies Ammon, or Osiris, the Egyptian deity, with Ham, the son of Noah, who introduced the true patriarchal religion into Egypt about 2200 years before the Christian era. Two centuries later the civil institutions of Egypt were subverted, and the temples desecrated and overthrown, by the invasion of the Asiatic Shepherds. This was the epoch of the commencement of that degraded state of the religion of Egypt, in which it appears throughout all succeeding ages; for although the Shepherds were expelled by the native princes, after having exercised a tyranny of more than two centuries, the genuine religion of Ham seems never to have been revived. In the system of mythological corruption which was now adopted, the restored temple of the patriarch, no longer dedicated to the pure worship of the God of Ammon, became the temple of the god Ammon. Contemporary with the revival of the native power by the expulsion of the Shepherds, viz. in the 18th century before the Christian era, was the origin of the restorations and idolatrous sculptures of the Pharaohs. Towards the conclusion of the same century, the settlement of the Israelites in Egypt took place, upon the territory recently occupied by the Shepherds. That the hypothesis adopted by Champollion and others, which makes this epoch coeval with the origin of the great Theban family founded by Amos, is erroneous, appears from the fact, that the monuments exhibit a succession of seven native monarchs immediately preceding Amos, whose hieroglyphic remains prove them to have reigned over the whole country—a circumstance incompatible with the co-existence of the Shepherd tyranny. Mr. C. therefore adopts the more ancient statement of the Jewish historian, founded on the text of Manetho, that an interval of 251 years occurred between the expulsion of the Shepherds and the rise of the house of Amos; and he shews that this arrangement brings down the age of Mæris, the acknowledged Thothmos III. of the monuments, to the place at which it is fixed by the joint evidence of Herodotus and Theon, viz. to the latter part of the 14th century B.C. The writer then anticipates, and replies to, various objections which may be adduced against the chronological depression of the whole Egyptian system, as developed in this memoir. Having thus prepared his readers, he now proceeds with a table, derived from the hieroglyphic records, detailing the successive restorations, repairs, and additions, to the Temple of Am

mon at Karnak, by the principal Pharaohs, from the age of Joseph down to the Macedonian conquest; demonstrating how largely the bounds of authentic history have been extended in this field of inquiry. Mr. C. concludes with reflections upon, and proofs of, the utility of such a record as this temple supplies for rectifying the errors of historians.

## FINE ARTS.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Second notice.]

No. 25. *The Sunset*. J. P. Knight.—We like the sentiment which this rustic group displays. It reminds us of the manner in which a similar scene affected in their last moments two characters, in other respects very dissimilar—Rousseau and Bishop Porteus. Both were occupied in admiring the beauties of nature; and the latter, gazing on that resplendent orb, the declension of which seemed the type of his own setting, exclaimed with mingled piety and enthusiasm, "O! that glorious sun!"

No. 133. *The Stray Kitten*. W. Collins, R.A.—Who is so unfortunate as not to recollect that a stray kitten is an object of especial interest to the unsophisticated minds of children? The playfulness and the helplessness of a kitten seem to render it like one of themselves; all its vagaries are watched with attention and applause; its loss creates the deepest affliction, and its recovery unspeakable delight. Mr. Collins has exhibited this little domestic incident in a manner that comes home to the feelings of all who know what belongs to the social hearth, whether in kitchen or in parlour, in the cottage or in the lordly mansion. The rustic scenery and accompaniments are sweetly painted.

No. 139. *The First Voyage*. W. Mulready, R.A.—"Bold was the man who ventured first to sea." Not so the little adventurer in the washing-tub. Although surrounded by kind guardians, the terror of the young sailor is quite apparent. We have no doubt that Mr. Mulready observed this incident in nature; he has, however, clothed it with all the charms of fine art.

No. 168. *The Lute-Player*. W. Etty, R.A.—Graceful and voluptuous in expression, rich in colour, and daring in execution.

No. 84. *A Chaldean Shepherd contemplating the Heavenly Bodies: the supposed Origin of Poetical Astronomy*. H. Howard, R.A.—Mr. Howard could hardly have chosen a subject more suitable to his pencil; distinguished as it is for the grace and beauty with which it embodies the visionary forms that "float upon the half-closed eye," and people the world of imagination. It is good to look upon works like this, and forget for a while the care and clamour with which the every-day's concerns of life are fraught.

No. 59. *The Duel between Sir Toby and Sebastian, in Twelfth Night*; and No. 78. *The Carousing Scene in Twelfth Night*. G. Clint, A.—Replete with humour and with admirable contrast of character; particularly the latter, in which the boisterous mirth of the revellers is opposed to the expostulatory importance of the coxcomb Malvolio. In No. 232, *Falstaff relating his valiant Exploits at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap*, we think that Mr. Clint (perhaps for the sake of novelty) has deviated too much from the burly appearance and generally received costume of the fat knight; as they have been represented on the canvass, from the time of Hayman to that of Stothard.

This departure in some degree weakens the effect of the scene.

No. 116. *An Indianman embayed in a Snow-Storm*. G. P. Reinagle.—Let those who, having a good house over their heads, and possessing all other domestic enjoyments to boot, nevertheless find themselves prone to grumbling and dissatisfaction, purchase this picture, and hang it over their parlour mantel. It may perhaps reconcile them to the hard fate of a comfortable fire-side!

No. 115. *An Italian Peasant-Girl*. C. L. Eastlake, R.A.—We have already noticed with marked approbation Mr. Eastlake's beautiful picture of "Greek Fugitives." In the present performance we perceive the germs of that quality in art which pervades the works of some of the best colourists of former times; especially Giorgione and Titian.

No. 152. *Venetian Water-Carrier*. R. Edmonstone.—Admirable in composition, and brilliant in tone.

No. 153. *Hylas and the Nymphs*. W. Etty, R.A.—As if in designed opposition to the almost ultra warmth and splendour of Mr. Etty's usual colouring, he has thrown over this classical subject a cold and leaden hue, which certainly diminishes its beauty.

No. 170. *A Jack in Office*. E. Landseer, R.A.—We must really protest against the imputation which the title casts upon a faithful animal, who is merely protecting his master's property; but in humour, and display of the canine character, nothing can exceed this entertaining picture.

No. 204. *The Death of King James the Second, at the Palace of St. Germain's en Laye*, 1701. R. Westall, R.A.—We confess that we are not fond of subjects of this description. The better they are painted, the more painful they are to look upon: and this does great honour to Westall's easel, and affects our feelings accordingly.

No. 126. *Mill near Staverton, Devon*. F. W. Watts.—Whether considered with reference to its picturesque character, its deep and harmonious tones of colour, or its broad and spirited handling, this fine performance does great credit to Mr. Watts's talents.

No. 243. *Mill at Northfleet, Kent*. H. Warren.—Different in style and execution from the last-mentioned work; but entitled to high praise for the skilful management of its chiaroscuro.

The school of painting has its full share of productions of imagination and fancy; but passing events induce us in the first instance to call the attention of our readers to

No. 351. *Portrait of Sir Walter Scott*. E. Landseer, R.A.—Painted under the most auspicious circumstances, and by an artist of such distinguished talent, it has been suggested that this fine picture should be purchased by the public, and secured as an heir-loom to the Abbotsford estate. That it is a strong and an intellectual resemblance of the illustrious original, no one can deny—though the upper part of the head is more faultless in this respect than the cheeks, which we do not consider to be like; and the appropriate locality of the scene (the Rhymer's Glen) in which he is placed, together with the introduction of his favourite canine companions (executed by Mr. Landseer with his usual skill), altogether renders it a work which, while the canvass and colours endure, it will be impossible to contemplate without the deepest interest.

No. 380. *Snap-Apple Night, or All-Hallow Eve, in Ireland*. D. M'Clist.—A most whimsical and entertaining performance; affording,

as Prince Hal says, "argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever." We congratulate Mr. M'Clist on the versatility of his powers, and on the great accession of professional reputation which he must obtain by this successful inroad into the domains of comedy. Should some of the characters appear exaggerated, it must be remembered that the artist is depicting Irish humour, of the exuberance of which, when displayed in scenes like this, we, phlegmatic English, probably entertain but a very imperfect idea. The grotesque shapes, and expressions, and incidents, which constitute the main portion of the composition, are also admirably relieved and contrasted by forms of bewitching grace and beauty. Such is the attraction of this exceedingly clever and amusing work, that, except at an early hour in the morning, it is difficult to approach near enough to inspect its curious and multitudinous details;—it would require a pamphlet to describe them.

[To be continued.]

## ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

ON Saturday the Anniversary of this, we rejoice to say, flourishing and excellent institution, was held at Freemasons' Tavern, when Lord Clive took the chair, and did the honours of the meeting in a manner which reflected great credit upon both his head and heart. The feeling with which he appealed to the benevolence of his auditors on behalf of their unfortunate brethren, was so sincere and unaffected that it came home to every bosom; and, in the less interesting topics of the day, a tone of kindness and good sense prevailed, which rendered the whole extremely persuasive. Sir Martin Shee also spoke with much eloquence; and was very happy in his language, as well as in the sentiments which he clothed in a style equally graceful and forcible. The company was not very numerous, but the contribution amounted to a considerable sum; and Mr. Cabell a vice-president, Mr. Dimond the treasurer, Mr. Martin the secretary, and other gentlemen connected with the Society, explained its objects, &c. in a most satisfactory manner. We ought to notice the music by Broadhurst, assisted by Taylor, T. Cooke, Goulding, Chapman, and two fine boys, who sang glees, and occasionally comic songs, with such admirable effect as we have rarely heard on similar occasions. But, besides delighting their hearers, they also benefitted the Fund by a handsome subscription.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Various Subjects of Landscape, characteristic of English Scenery*. From pictures painted by John Constable, R.A.; engraved by David Lucas. Colnaghi and Co.

THERE are few things we more dislike than landscapes which are mere maps of the places they represent. This is a defect of which Mr. Constable can never be accused. He always introduces into his works some powerful and striking effect, which redeems them from the imputation of topographical tameness; and although we own that at times we wish he were somewhat less violent in his oppositions of colour, and still more of chiaroscuro, we have never yet seen a picture of his which has not indicated the vigour and originality of the mind from which it proceeded, and the contemplation of which, therefore, has not afforded us much gratification. Mr. Lucas has entered completely into Mr. Constable's feeling; and has engraved in mezzotinto the twenty-two subjects, of which the publication



consists, with great spirit and ability. The following passage from Mr. Constable's "Introduction" contains so much just and discriminating remark, that we are induced to transcribe it:—

"In art, as in literature, there are two modes by which men endeavour to attain the same end, and seek distinction. In the one, the artist, intent only on the study of departed excellence, or on what others have accomplished, becomes an imitator of their works, or he selects and combines their various beauties; in the other, he seeks perfection at its primitive source, nature. The one forms a style upon the study of pictures, or the art alone, and produces either 'imitative,' 'scholastic,' or that which has been termed 'eclectic art;' the other, by study equally legitimately founded in art, but further pursued in such a far more expansive field, soon finds for himself innumerable sources of study, hitherto unexplored, fertile in beauty, and, by attempting to display them for the first time, forms a style which is original; thus adding to the art qualities of nature unknown to it before. The results of the one mode, as they merely repeat what has been done by others, and by having the appearance of that with which the eye is already familiar, can be easily comprehended, soon estimated, and are at once received. Thus the rise of an artist in a sphere of his own must almost certainly be delayed; it is to time generally that the justness of his claims to a lasting reputation will be left; so few appreciate any deviation from a beaten track, can trace the indications of talent in immaturity, or are qualified to judge of productions bearing an original cast of mind, of genuine study, and of consequent novelty of style in their mode of execution."

*Landscape Illustrations of the Prose and Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott.* Parts XVII. and XVIII. Chapman and Hall.

In these two Parts, "Peel Castle," from a drawing by H. Gastineau, "Liverpool, in 1664," from a drawing by S. Austin, "the Tower, in 1670," from a drawing by D. Roberts, and "Green Mantle," from a drawing by E. T. Parris, are our favourites.

*Views of the Old and New London Bridges.* Drawn and etched by E. W. Cooke; with Historical Descriptions by an eminent Architect. Part III. Brown.

THIS is the concluding Part of Mr. Cooke's very clever and valuable work. It is quite worthy of its predecessors; and we join in the "confident hope," expressed in the prefatory address, "that a publication which has incurred excessive labour and great expense will meet with liberal encouragement from all who are interested in correct memorials of antiquity, great modern improvement, and pictorial effect."

We find it remarked in the text, that since the removal of the sterlings of the old bridge, "the tides have fallen about three feet lower than formerly, and that there has been scarcely any perceptible rise of the tide above Trinity high-water mark. The low-water channel has deepened considerably, and much of the mud from both banks has washed away. The velocity of the tides has so considerably increased, that barges now go up from London Bridge to Richmond with scarcely any assistance from horses at any time. None of the low lands about the river have yet been inundated; on the contrary, both above and below bridge, they have been better drained than ever. The

fall at Old London Bridge has already been reduced three feet; and it is expected that, when the bank on which the bridge stood is entirely removed, the river will be navigable for vessels of considerable burden at all times of tide."

*Shylock and Jessica.* Painted by Newton; engraved by Doo. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

ONE of the prints which do honour to the English school of arts, and, from its popular treatment of a well-known scene of our immortal dramatist, well calculated to please the many as well as the few. It is a delightful work. The Jew full of character, delivering his keys to the keeping of his fair but mind-wandering daughter. The costume of both excellent; the attitudes simple and natural; the execution of the foremost order.

*Oliver Cromwell, 30th January, 1649.* Painted by Delaroché; engraved by Maile. C. Tilt.

CROMWELL is lifting up the coffin-lid of the martyred king, according to the popular story to that effect,—a touching subject, but indifferently managed. Cromwell appears short and squat (though his countenance is well expressed); and the coffin monarch, from the foreshortening, might be taken for a child in stature.

*Falls of Niagara, taken from below.* London. T. McLean.

THIS is a specimen of the arts from New York; the painter's name Wall, and the engraver's Legrande. It is coloured, and possesses no quality to require specific criticism; but furnishes a tolerable idea of this waste of waters.

*The Right Hon. Sir T. Denman, Knt., Lord Chief Justice, &c.* Painted by T. Barber; engraved by T. Hodgetts.

A GOOD likeness, and, with the exception of the left arm, a very well-done portrait, suitable to the grave functions and dignified station of this eminent person.

*Costumes of the Navy.* Mansion and Eschauzeer; and Andrews and Co.

Nos. 8, 9, and 10, of these national pieces. We have here the "Marine Artillery," "Captain R.N.," "Flag-Officer," and "Commander in Undress;" and "Royal Marine Artillery Officers,"—all correctly and picturesquely represented. The publication improves as its specimens accumulate; and well deserves encouragement. What nice ornaments the series would make for the cabin of a fine ship!

*The Gallery of the Graces. Part V. Tilt.*

THE haughty beauty, the tender beauty, and the resigned beauty, illustrative of the poetry of Miss Landon, Lord Byron, and Barry Cornwall, here present themselves under the names of "The Lady Adeline," "Medora," and "Aurora;" the first (the design for which is in the present Exhibition at Somerset House) from the pencil of A. E. Chalon, the last two from that of F. Stone. They all contribute to shew that

"—every change of beauty's face  
And beauty's mood has its own grace."

## BIOGRAPHY.

MR. KEAN.

ON Wednesday morning the long-protracted sufferings of poor Kean terminated in death at Richmond. Gifted with extraordinary talents, he rose to high distinction in his profession,

and enjoyed perhaps the most golden opportunities of any man who ever adorned it, to crown their exercise with the richest gifts of fortune. But he was imprudent and dissipated, and, from a strong dislike to good, fell sorely into a fondness for low society. "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," might have been his motto at the orgies into which this unhappy disposition led him; destroying his constitution, and impairing his faculties for the stage—whereon, never let it be forgotten, no actor will ever take the noblest range whose private manners are dissolute and vulgar. From the pot-house and the tavern he may reel to personate barbarism, outrageous passion, and tyranny; but he can have no power over the finer workings of nature, the exalted or the sublime. In portions of Othello, Richard III., Sir Giles Overreach, Shylock, and a few other characters, the energy and truth of Kean's acting never were surpassed; but, as a whole, his Richard II. pleased us more than any of his other assumptions. For Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet, and even Timon, he wanted figure, dignity, and a sustained conception of all their bearings. His performances, however, formed a dramatic epoch, and will not soon be forgotten.

His melancholy deathbed has been made (as much as such matters could make it) ridiculous by the quackery and puffing which have been inserted in the newspapers. Even in our ashes live our wonted fires; and it seems as if the suffering actor could not shuffle off this mortal coil without the lamentable exhibition of afflicted relatives, devoted medical attendants, and most officious friends. Alas, poor Yorick! Silence cover, now, thy vices and thy follies; and let us only remember thy scenic greatness, and that many a free, liberal, and generous action graced thy heedless career.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FISHER.

From the German of Goethe.

(Translated for the benefit of hypochondriac anglers.)

THE water foamed, the water rose;  
By the shore, all lonely and sad,  
A fisher sat, who shook with cold,  
And watched his slender gad:  
And as he gazed with wistful eyes,  
He saw the blue waves divide,  
And from the midst a maiden rise  
All dripping with the tide.

She sang to him and spoke to him—  
"Why thus do you while away  
My fish, with cunning and with craft,  
And give them to death a prey?  
O did you but know how free from all woe  
We dwell underneath the sea,  
Whoe'er you be, you would long to go  
To the depths below with me.

The glaring sun, the silver moon,  
Their beams in the ocean lave,  
And with increase of beauty rise  
From out the briny wave.  
O is it not a delight to view  
Thy face reflected here,  
Where the sunny skies, all bright and blue,  
More beautiful appear?"

The water foamed, the water rose,  
It wet his naked feet;  
His breast with sudden ardour glows  
As when two lovers meet.  
She spoke to him—she sang to him—  
His trial now is o'er—  
Half prest, half willing, down he sank,  
And never was heard of more. C.

# DRAMA.

## KING'S THEATRE.

SATURDAY was a grand night at the Opera, and the excessive heat in consequence, the only thing to complain of. Every box was filled, the pit was crowded, and those who have the privilege of disporting themselves behind the curtain, also blocked up the wings in that part of the theatre. Pasta was the great attraction, and, with Rubini, well merited the bumper house drawn together on the occasion. A ballet, called, but not really, new, gave us some charming dancing by Taglioni, well supported by the Elslers, Proche, Pauline Leroux, Adele, Chavigny, and the male corps.

## HAYMARKET.

ON Monday Mr. Hackett essayed the part of *Falstaff*, in *Henry IVth*; a character which has exercised dramatic talents for many years, and never yet succeeded in proving attractive upon the stage. There are several sufficient grounds for this; but the chief reason, perhaps, is, that our imaginations have always been excited by the critical remarks on *Falstaff*, in a literary sense, too highly to admit of his personation realising our preconceived ideas; that he has occupied our fancy too much in the closet, ever to stand his ground in the flesh before our eyes. Mr. Hackett, and it is saying much, has not lost ground by this attempt. He looked the fat knight well, and his countenance marked many of his remarks and situations expressively. The soliloquy upon honour was better delivered than we remember to have heard it; and the scenes at Gadshill, with *Bardolph* and his nose, with *Mrs. Quickly*, and with the *Prince*, when detected in his exaggerations, were all very humorous and well pointed. The accents of Kentuck occasionally struck us; and it was evident throughout that a want of nerve impaired his performance. It was, however, altogether creditable to the actor, and confirms our opinion of his capacity to sustain a wider range in comedy than we have witnessed. *Mrs. Ashton*, looked pretty in *Lady Percy*; and the drollery of *Dame Quickly*, *Francis*, *Bardolph*, and the *Carrier*, was well exhibited by *Mrs. Glover*, *Buckstone*, *Gallot*, and *Webster*. Elton is not adequate to *Hotspur*.

On Wednesday a novelty, called the *Galopade*, from the pen of Mr. Lunn, was produced at this theatre—we hear, with considerable success, but have not yet had an opportunity of judging for ourselves.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THE poor frozen-out Covent Gardeners are doing very well at their little theatre, and are absolutely announcing novelties. *Liston*, *Power*, *H. Phillips*, *T. P. Cooke*, and other stars, are adding their centripetal forces to this small sphere, and the effect must be magnetic.

## ADELPHI.

AN extravaganza, called the *Cellar Spectre*, of which *Reeve* is the worthy hero, was brought out here on Saturday, and has been successfully repeated ever since. It is a very broad illegitimate drama, altered from the *Earls of Hammersmith*; and, if people will not be too critical, laughable enough. *Reeve* introduces imitations of Grecian and other statues,—both clever and ludicrous.

## UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

*Haymarket*. May 3d. — In *Ellen Wareham*, *Downton* and *Mrs. Glover* gagged a whole scene extempore. The former was making an interesting speech to the latter, when—but I cannot

help giving the speech as themselves did, viz. as part of the play—when

[*he is seized with a violent fit of coughing.*]

*Mrs. G.* La, what! can't you speak, my dear sir? Here, take a cup of tea.

[*Goes to the breakfast-table, brings a cup of tea, and presents it to Mr. D.*]

*Mr. D.* Ah, you're a dear kind soul. Thank ye, thank ye; there's no one like ye.

[*Takes the cup.*]

*Mrs. G.* There, drink that, my dear sir.

[*Imagining he has taken the saucer also, lets go her hold of it; it falls, and is smashed.*]

*Mrs. G. (shrieking.)* Ah, lord, you clumsy old—

*Mr. D. (starting.)* There, now, you d—d stupid old fool you! you're always doing some d—d infernal stupid thing or other you are, you horrid old woman you!

*Mrs. G. (Is convulsed for some time with laughter at the language applied to her by Mr. Downton, but at length, with due effort, is enabled to add),* Well, sir, you and I have known each other a great many years, and have been always very good friends, or I should certainly not hesitate to bring an action against you for abuse and defamation, but as it is, I forgive you; and now, then, what were you about to say?

It is to be hoped Mr. Buckstone will engraft this on the play, should he resolve on publication.

*King's Theatre*. May 11. *Medea*.—The pasteboard dragons on which *Pasta* rides to perdition in the last scene have always been a source of infinite amusement to me. Formerly they used each to have a squib in their mouths, which phizzed and cracked away a most unoperatic obligato to the recitative of the *donna*; now a man is hidden behind them to flash one of the *Juan-devil flambeaux* so as to represent their breathing fire, yet by no chance does he ever emit the flame from their mouths or nostrils; it comes from their necks, wings, backs, and what not, though more frequently makes its appearance from no part of either, but between their two heads.

*Sights of London*.—Every day produces something new at this teeming season. A splendid *Tulip-show* at Mr. Groom's, the florist at *Walworth*, was seen on Tuesday, under the auspices of the most genial weather. Nothing could exceed the variety and ensemble of these "painted beauties" of the garden; many thousands in number, and of every tint of colour. In value they rose from a few shillings to fifty pounds, as they were common or rare. The visitors were much gratified.

*Fancy Fair*.—This peculiarly English fête, held for the benefit of the Charing Cross Hospital, *la belle alliance* of commerce and compassion, has been most brilliantly attended. We do not venture to be critical on the gay merchandise displayed; but we must say, that the banners over the royal stand, the decorations of the rooms, the many pretty faces and various dresses, gave the whole a very cheerful appearance. We do hope this noble charity will duly fix public attention; the benefits of such an institution are both inestimable and of daily occurrence.

At *Christie's*, another exhibition of fine pictures, belonging to a Mr. Archbutt, have superseded the gallery mentioned in our last, some of which sold at high prices.\*

\* A portrait by Rubens brought 605 guineas; Sea-piece by W. Van de Velde, 200; Landscape by A. Van de Velde, 455; Landscape by P. Wouwermaes, 910; Landscape by Claude, 390; Sea-piece by W. Van de Velde, 710; Landscape by Backhuysen, 630; Spanish Family, by Rem-

A masquerade let loose a full proportion of the dissoluteness of London; fortunately without any seductions but for those who would be dissolute any where.

## MUSIC.

### CONCERTS.

*Mrs. Anderson's*.—This very deserving lady and admirable artiste had, on Friday week, one of the most attractive and elegantly attended Concerts of the season. *Mde. Pasta* was in fine voice, her "*Noite tremendo*" was given with even more than her usual power; and the duet between her and *Mde. Cinti Damoreau*, "*In van tu fingi*," was an exquisite contrast of their styles and voices; the extreme sweetness too of *Cinti's* tones was shewn to great advantage in the variations on "*The last rose of summer*." *Mrs. Anderson* surpassed herself in the "*Military Fantasia*," which was rapturously applauded. *Mr. Phillips* gave "*The old English Gentleman*" in a style excellently suited to that popular old ballad. *Mori* had a most delicious solo; and the *Misses Novello* sang with great sweetness, and give much promise. We cannot conclude without due mention of "*Dear Ellen*," a beautiful ballad, beautifully sung by *Mr. Parry*, jun.

*Mr. R. Dressler* and *Mr. F. Pelzer* gave their annual concert on Wednesday to a very numerous and delighted audience. The guitar, that most picturesque of instruments, put forth all its powers; and *Mr. Pelzer* and *Neuland's* duet was wonderfully executed. "*Non più di fuori*" was sung with great spirit by *Mde. de Meric*; so was the *terzetto*, "*Oh numi benefico*," by *Miss Bellchambers*, *Mr. Stretton*, and *Mr. Morley*; the lady had been somewhat languid in her first ballad. "My treasured lute," sung by *Mr. Wilson*, accompanied on the guitar and flute by *Mr. Neuland* and *Mr. Dressler*, was rapturously applauded; as was *Mr. Dressler's* solo performance on the flute; and *Miss Bruce* was exceedingly successful in "*Di piacer*." The performance of the juvenile *débütants* was one of the most agreeable novelties; and the miniature representatives of *Messrs. Pelzer* and *Dressler* acquitted themselves with great success: the boy, a little creature of some five or six years old, was quite surprising in the *terzetto* of "*Seyd uns zum zweytenmal willkommen*." We need only add our commendation of the manner in which *Mr. Köckel* arranged the German choros.

*M. Eulenstein*.—On Tuesday the performances on the Jew's harp were, as we anticipated, greatly admired. The "*Ellen-a-roon*" was exquisite; and the variations on Scottish airs so extraordinary, that it was not possible to refrain from those expressions of admiration which obscured some of the most delicate passages.

## VARIETIES.

*Encouragement of Science*.—We have pleasure in mentioning an instance of our government paying attention to the interests of science: a gentleman of competent ability, belonging to the navy, has been sent out, and a brig assigned to him, in order to survey the coast of Asia Minor from the Dardanelles to Rhodes. How much of ancient art and knowledge might be acquired were the interior explored from several points in this quarter of the globe!

brandt, 610; Landscape by Ostade, 320; Landscape by Vandehude and A. Van de Velde, 440; Landscape by Wouwermaes, 210; Sea-piece (large) Backhuysen, 610; Landscape by Hobbima, 760; Ditto ditto, 960; Virgin and Child by Raphael, 450; Landscape by A. Van de Velde, 1310.

**The Abbotsford Perpetuation.**—From all we have heard, the meeting at the Mansion-house to-day, in aid of the Abbotsford subscription, promises not only to be effectual in opening the rich sources of city liberality, but a high and gratifying treat as a public spectacle. The Lord Mayor has opened his splendid hall, and presides on the occasion; while nobles of the highest rank, and poets, and merchants, and scholars, have combined to do themselves honour in advancing this national tribute of love and admiration for worth and genius. It is said the French prince and his suite will be present; a compliment which the Duke of Orleans might happily pay to the memory of Scott, and to the recollection of Abbotsford, where, we believe, he was hospitably entertained as a guest by its illustrious owner. We see from the newspapers, that the Duke of Gordon, Marquis of Salisbury, Earl of Munster, Lord Cadogan, Lord Castlereagh, the Bishops of Llandaff, Gloucester, and Mr. Milman, and other eminent persons, are to move the resolutions; and, above all, in the way of attraction, that ladies will grace the assemblage by their presence. If they smile on the fund, the small amount still required will soon be raised.

**March of Science!**—A communication from Paris gives us a long account of a murder, perpetrated some years ago, being in train of discovery by means of phrenology. It appears that a widow, Houel or Huet, had been long missing; and recently a skeleton was found at No. 81, Rue Vaugirard, on which M. Dumontier, an eminent anatomist, pronounced, in the presence of the king's attorney-general, two persons arrested on suspicion, and a number of witnesses, physicians, &c., that the bones (putting aside some of animals mingled with the human fragments) were those of a female advanced in age, avaricious, addicted to fits of passion, and other characteristics, and which must have been buried several years. This opinion, it seems, confirmed a pre-supposed identity; and the son-in-law of the deceased widow, who had lived in the house with her, with two alleged accomplices, are to take their trial for the murder and robbery of 180,000 francs.

**Captain Back's Expedition.**—Captain Back and his company have arrived at Montreal, where they will stay a short time to await the opening of the communications by water. Their reception, and the encouragement they have received from every part of the Union, reflects high honour on the American character.

**Rome, April 25.**—A few days ago an immense table of mosaic was found here. The church of St. Rocca, in the street Ripetta, is, in consequence of a pious bequest, to have a new facade. The workmen employed in digging the foundation, discovered this mosaic about fifteen feet below the surface, and not fifteen paces from the Tiber. The antiquaries are at a loss how to reconcile this depth with the actual height of the bed of the river, which must have been raised very much during the lapse of 2000 years. The mosaic is black, on a white ground, and represents bacchanalian subjects. The size of it cannot yet be accurately stated, as it is not wholly uncovered.

**Palladium.**—A discovery of considerable importance has recently been made, by Mr. Johnson of Hatton Garden, of a new method of separating the alloys contained in the gold obtained from the Gongo Loco Mine in Brazil. This gold is found to contain a considerable quantity of palladium, a metal which was discovered by Dr. Wollaston some years since, but has hitherto been obtained in very small quantities, and has consequently been little

used in the arts. It is much harder than platinum, and was on that account employed in combination with gold for the graduation of the circular instrument constructed by Mr. Troughton for the Observatory at Greenwich. The supply of palladium will now be greatly increased. The result of an experiment upon 25 lbs. of gold dust from the Gongo Loco Mine was as follows:

Gold	22	2	7	15
Silver	0	13	15	0
Platina	0	1	15	0
Palladium	0	17	10	0
Deficient	94	11	7	15
	0	0	12	9
	25	0	0	0

The 22 lbs. 2 oz. 7 dwts. 15 grs. of gold produced, being better than standard by rather more than 14 carats, equals 22 lbs. 8 oz. 14 dwts. 19 grs. of standard gold. Arrangements have been made for separating the palladium from the whole of the gold brought from this mine; and, as the produce of the last year exceeded 4200 lbs., a considerable supply will in future be obtained; and we doubt not that it will now be adopted extensively in the arts for those objects where hardness and freeness from oxidation are a desideratum.

**Statistics.**—The following is a table of the population of St. Petersburg in 1832:—

Males	294,468
Females	154,900
	449,368

Among them are

Ecclesiastics	2,188
Nobles	34,079
Soldiers	39,437
Merchants	10,828
Artisans	34,179
Citizens	36,732
Of the middle class	66,366
Foreigners of various conditions, with the exception of merchants and artisans	7,199
Domestic servants	94,000
Peasants	157,865
Inhabitants of Ochta	5,388
Births, Males	5,198
— Females	4,969
Deaths, by various diseases, Males	11,032
— Females	5,230
— by accident	675
Excess of deaths	6,758

This great excess of deaths is not to be ascribed to the insalubrity of the climate, but to the disproportion between the number of the sexes. The male population being nearly double the female, the number of families is, of course, not proportionate to the gross amount of the population; accordingly, the excess of deaths is found in the males, and ought to be deducted.

**Nautical Surveys.**—H. M. ship Thunderer (originally a bomb-vessel), having been fitted for the purpose, has been commissioned by Commander R. Owen at Chatham, to continue the survey of the West Indies. The Jackdaw, Lieutenant Barnett, which will act in conjunction with the Thunderer on this service, has already sailed from Chatham, and is now on her way to recommence the survey.—*Nautical Magazine.*

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Kidd's New Picturesque Guide to the Watering-Places of Great Britain. The second and last series. A series of Cruikshank's humorous illustrations of the Unknown Tongues; or, a Peep at the Religious Importers of 1832 and 1833. Romances of the Chivalric Ages, illustrating the Manners and Customs of the Middle Ages, with numerous Etchings. Sketches of England, by Baron d'Hausse, ex-Minister of Marine to Charles X. Captain Owen is personally preparing for publication a Narrative of the Exploratory Expedition under his command to the Shores of Africa and Arabia, which occupied nine years.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 25	From 41. to 38	30.01 to 30.09
Friday .. 26	40. .. 36	30.11 .. 30.06
Saturday .. 27	40. .. 39	30.04 .. 29.90
Sunday .. 28	44. .. 27	29.72 .. 29.66
Monday .. 29	34. .. 32	29.66 .. 29.53
Tuesday .. 30	30. .. 53	29.56 .. 29.57
May.		
Wednesday 1	37. .. 53	29.58 .. 29.63

Prevailing wind, S.W.  
Alternately clear and cloudy, with frequent showers; in the afternoon of the 29th a very vivid flash of lightning from the N.W. instantly followed by a rather loud peal of thunder, accompanied by a heavy shower of rain.  
Rain fallen, .25 of an inch.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 2	From 43. to 57.	29.60 to 29.71
Friday .. 3	38. .. 67.	29.76 .. 29.80
Saturday .. 4	40. .. 77.	29.84 .. 29.98
Sunday .. 5	48. .. 71.	30.16 .. 30.29
Monday .. 6	41. .. 69.	30.30 .. 30.46
Tuesday .. 7	40. .. 68.	30.35 .. 30.23
Wednesday 8	41. .. 69.	30.06 .. 29.90

Wind variable, N.W. prevailing.  
The 3d and 3d generally cloudy; frequent rain on the former day; since the 3d, clear. The sudden transition from cold to heat on the afternoon of the 3d, has caused a no less remarkable change in the face of nature: trees whose buds were scarcely opened, are now in full leaf.  
Rain fallen, .25 of an inch.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**  
The invitation-cards for the Oratorio of "Calvary," on Thursday, reached us an hour after that announced for the performance; which we the more regret, as the proceeds were for a charitable institution.  
The "Far Country" is not very legible (and the note at the end quite the reverse), but altogether, from what we decipher, we are inclined to say the lines are pleasing, though we do not publish them.  
"Alpha's" reason for our looking upon his compositions with a kindly eye is no ground for their publication. We cannot be displeased with the attempts of sixteen years of age; but we can very rarely say to them "imprudent." *Especially* in our last No. page 299; column 1, line 34, for "mortified" read "coquetish."



## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A PUBLIC MEETING to promote the Abbotsford Subscription, will be held in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, under the patronage of the Right Hon. Sir Peter Laurie, the Lord Mayor, THIS DAY, the 10th instant, at Twelve for One o'Clock precisely. The admirers of genius, and the friends of literature, are earnestly requested to attend.

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